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THE REASON WHY.

BY J. D.

"Do I still love thee?" Ask the bee
If he still loves the flower:
And of the flower demand if she
Loves sunshine and the shower:
And ask the bird if still he loves
The joy that summer brings,
Soft airs, blue skies, and leafy groves
That listen while he sings.
If bee and flower and bird say "Nay,"
Then my love's false and fled away.

"Why do I love you?" Ask the sea
Why it adores the moon:
And ask the queenly rose why she
Dotes on the month of June:
And ask the sun-flower why she turns
Her bosom to the sun,
And all the dark night fondly yearns
For her most cherished one.
If sun-flower, rose, and sea reply,
"We do not know," no more know I.

Ah, who the secret source can tell
Of love that long endures?
The charm is indefinable,
That draws my soul to yours.
I only know that still my love
Is centered all in you,
As constant as the stars above,
And pure as morning dew.
Enough, though hid the cause may be,
If I love you—and you love me.

Her Mother's Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "A BLACK VEIL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—[CONTINUED.]

DAPHNE was inconsolable; she could hardly be persuaded to leave him. She had been in happy security and ignorance until now, but at this moment the full extent of the calamity was laid bare before her.

She realized in a few brief seconds that her fair-haired, brave young lover must die.

The shock was almost more than she could bear, and, as the young lord was carried up-stairs, as every one believed, to die, bright beautiful Daphne gave way, heart-broken.

The gallant young heir who had been given back almost from the dead, the beloved son whom the white-haired old Earl, wringing his hands, sat praying Heaven to save, was in danger.

Lady Marcia would not leave him; Irene was miserable, Daphne almost beside herself.

Lady Ryeford seemed haunted by the demon of unrest.

She was always to be found on the grand staircase or in the corridor, asking how Lord Hyde was—nervous, excitable, irritable.

In the general confusion the strangeness of her manner passed unnoticed.

The local doctors had been called in and had gone away puzzled, yet not liking to say so.

They had spoken vaguely about atrophy, wasting sickness, low fever; but no one was satisfied with their verdict.

At last Sir James arrived, and was taken by Lady Marcia Hyde to the invalid's room.

His face changed the moment he saw Lord Hyde.

"There is something wrong here," he muttered to himself, "terribly wrong!"

He went to the bedside and tried to make Lord Hyde speak; but there seemed to be very little life left in him.

It was not until Sir James had administered some very strong remedies that the blue eyes opened, and then a glassy film was apparent over them.

Sir James turned quietly to Lady Marcia Hyde.

"Get me more brandy," he said. "Do not be shocked; but, if I had been only one half-hour later, I should have found him dead."

In silence they stood by his side, applying various remedies, until the lips that had seemed to be closed for ever slowly opened, and Lord Hyde was conscious again.

Then the doctor found a pretext for asking Lady Marcia to leave them alone; and she went away.

He talked long and earnestly with Lord Hyde.

The longer he talked, the more bewildered he became.

"I will not decide hastily," he said to himself.

"I will investigate the matter closely and patiently."

He left the sick-room and sent again for Lady Marcia.

He asked to see Esther Moore, who had helped to nurse the young lord—who with her own hands had prepared most of his food.

Whatever had puzzled him before was now more mysterious still.

"I shall remain for the day and the night at Poole," he said to Lord Credoc. "I will telegraph to London for two professional nurses. Your son is in imminent danger; but I will pull him through, if it be possible."

* * * * * * *

Sir James Hudson felt that he could not be mistaken; it was impossible. Like all human beings, he was apt to err; but he had never made a mistake in his profession—at least, not such a serious one as this would be.

He reviewed in his mind all the symptoms all the evidence he had heard that he could apply to the case.

There was but one solution possible—the young lord was dying no natural death; it was neither fever nor atrophy that was cutting his life so short.

He could not be mistaken; it was poison—slow, secret poison—that was sapping the young life and laying him low.

At first he thought that he must be mistaken; but by dint of patient investigation he convinced himself that he was right.

During part of his successful career Sir James had made an especial study of poisons.

He had written several very valuable papers on secret poisoning, and he felt sure that he recognized the very poison that had been used.

It was a combination of two drugs; taken singly, they hurt no one—blended, they made one of the most fatal and deadly poisons.

It was no new discovery; this fatal combination had been well known in the days of Cæsar Borgia.

At more than one state trial for secret poisoning the use of it had been mentioned; but, for obvious reasons, all public notice of it was avoided.

So far as he knew, it was mentioned only in one work, and that was a very rare one—"Wilson on Poisons."

He remembered that he had been struck with the ease with which the poison might be used.

It could never be traced, and it was long in causing death.

There were no deadly pains, there was no sharp anguish—simply a slow gradual sapping of life, a diminution of force, until death came painfully to the sufferer's aid.

Some few symptoms were peculiar to the use of poison—a glassy film over the eyes, a strange appearance of the pupils, a blue tint about the lips; and all these symptoms Sir James found in the young heir of Poole.

He was dying from the effects of this poison.

Sir James had arrived most conclusively at this decision, but for the present he said nothing.

The chances were that, if he mentioned it, there would be no hope of discovering by whom it had been administered.

He then set himself to think out the matter.

This young lord had returned to his home after being mourned as dead.

Now to whose interest was it that he should die?

Who would gain by his death?

Neither the Earl, his father, nor Lady Marcia, his aunt; the idea was out of the question.

And it certainly could not be the gain of the beautiful girl who was in such deep trouble about him.

The two persons who would gain by his death were Lady Ryeford and her daughter; but it was quite impossible to suspect them.

He was even shocked that such an idea should for a moment have presented itself to him.

Who could it be?

Sir James was at a loss.

He hesitated for a time whether he should tell the old Earl or not; but he feared that, in his present state of body and mind, it would be a fatal blow to him to know that the life of his son was in peril by the hand of a secret assassin.

He felt afraid to trust even Lady Marcia. It would be better for a time to await the course of events.

The young lord would be safe, because he would be in trustworthy hands. On the arrival of the nurses no one else would be permitted to enter the room.

They came that evening, and were duly installed.

Sir James told Lady Marcia, and desired her to inform the whole household, that he took the case in his hands.

For the present, no one was to enter the sick-room, and everything that the invalid took was to be prepared in the ante-room by the nurses, under the immediate superintendence of the doctor himself.

These directions were naturally a source of wonder to the household, who were quite at a loss to understand them.

On one person's ears they fell, like a death-knell.

Lady Ryeford knew that the crime was discovered.

She only wondered why Sir James had not proclaimed it instantly aloud.

Then she began to realize that he kept the matter secret in the hope of discovering the criminal.

She sat with pale face and wildly-beating heart while the household were gathered together in the drawing-room discussing Sir James' probable success and counting the anxious moments.

Daphne alone was absent.

She could better endure the suspense alone.

She had begged that she might be left undisturbed.

Each minute as it passed was laden with the anguish of hours.

Sir James had stated that if, by dint of unwearied attention, the young lord lived until midnight, there was a chance for him.

Only a slight chance, it was true; still it existed.

If then he slept and had no relapse, they might hope.

It was only eight in the evening when he told them, so that they had before them four hours more of intense anxiety.

Lady Ryeford would have left the room if she had dared to do so, for it was a piteous scene.

The Earl, utterly prostrated by this—to him—terrible blow, lay on a couch, Irene kneeling by him and doing all in her power to console and soothe him.

She told Daphne afterwards that she would rather have had to suffer any physical pain than witness the anguish of that heart-broken man.

Lady Marcia had an open Bible on the table.

Had she been sitting by a death-bed the time could not have seemed more solemn to her; every now and then she stopped to read a verse, then paced gently up and down the room.

She could not cry—the fountain of her tears seemed dry.

Lady Ryeford sat with an open book in her hand.

At times she spoke to her daughter and to the Earl; but her voice had a strange intonation, and the face bent over her book wore a strange expression.

Would he live or die?

Midnight was approaching, and midnight would decide his fate.

She was so utterly self-engrossed that she thought only of herself.

The white-haired man whose heart was all but breaking, the fair young girl alone with her sorrow, the young lord dying of terrible exhaustion and weakness, did not trouble her; she hardly thought of them, but only of her own fate—whether she would be mother of the Countess or not. That touched her: by midnight she would know the worst.

It seemed to her that the time would never come.

Then she resolved, in a strange incoherent fashion, that, if all went well, she would try to atone for her horrible crime.

She would be good to the poor; she would adopt and educate orphan children; she would build a church.

And presently she found herself with tears raining down her face and her whole body shaking with sobs.

Lady Marcia bent down to kiss her, thinking that she was weeping from sympathy with them; but Lady Ryeford shrank from the innocent caress as from the sting of a serpent.

"Do not cry," said Lady Marcia. "Heaven will give him back to us;" and the gentle trusting words smote her like the sharp edge of a sword.

Lady Ryeford wondered, as she watched the hands of the clock, whether she would have been a different woman if she had had better training.

Then her attention was arrested by what Lady Marcia was saying to Irene.

"Sir James told me himself that, if he had been one half-hour later, Horace would have been dead."

The words seemed to fall on her heart like molten lead.

Another dose, one a little stronger, and by this time her daughter's succession would have been quite safe.

Her brain burned like fire. She could have screamed aloud as she looked on the patient watchers.

To them the life of the boy they loved was all in all; to her the splendid inheritance for her daughter was everything. It seemed to her that her feet clave to the ground, that her whole body was becoming rigid.

Half-past ten chimed from the clock on the mantelpiece.

Half-past ten! He was still living; and, if he lived until midnight, the danger would be past!

It was like a dream when she looked up and saw the doctor standing in the doorway.

Surely, oh, surely he had come to say that the lad was dead? It must be so; it could not be otherwise.

Little did it matter how he had died; Irene would be mistress of Poole!

But he was slow of speech, this horrible man!

She felt the impulse of a tigress to fly at him and make him speak.

"No change."

What did he mean?

Why did the dear old Earl gasp and shudder?

Why should Irene wring her hands? Fool, when his death would make her mistress of Poole!

No change!

She looked at the doctor, at his anxious face and compressed lips.

The room seemed to whirl round her. One hour and a half more of that horrible suspense!

But he must die—he must die!

A low horrible laugh sounded through the room.

They were all startled, and looked at each other, wondering whence it could have come.

But Lady Ryeford recovered herself in a moment.

"What was that?" asked Sir James hurriedly.

"It sounded like the laugh of a madwoman."

Lady Marcia thought it must have been the wailing of the wind.

"I have not a minute to spare," said the doctor, "and I have some very urgent directions to give. Can I speak with you, Lady Marcia?"

"Alone?" she asked.

"No," replied Sir James. "What I have to say will concern all."

CHAPTER XXVI.

SIR JAMES HUDSON looked very grave.

The sound of Lady Ryeford's wild laugh had startled him, for he felt that, if ever the laugh of a madwoman had fallen on his ears, he had just heard such a laugh.

After a slight pause, he said—

"Lord Hyde lies in a half-conscious state, and we are giving him stimulants of one kind or another every few minutes.

"As I have said before, if we can keep life in him until midnight, and then by the blessing of Heaven he should sleep, he will I think, recover.

"But we shall want the utmost care. The slightest noise awakening him suddenly might cause his death, so I would suggest that the whole household should retire early and preserve profound silence.

"Have no fires, no lights; we cannot be too careful.

"If he sleeps and all goes well, I shall not send to you—you will know that no news is good news; but, if I see at midnight that matters are going wrong, and that my patient is losing instead of gaining ground, I will send for you to bid him farewell. You will impress upon all, will you not, Lady Marcia, the need of absolute quiet?"

"I will," she replied. "Doctor, may I keep watch with you?"

"I think not Lady Marcia. It will be better that we should be quite alone. You may trust to my sending for you. If, just as he was falling asleep, a sigh, a breath aroused him, I should never forgive myself.

"I shall be alone with him; the nurses will be within hearing of my bell; but in such a crisis I will trust to no one but myself."

He went up to the Earl and held out his hand.

"Good night, my lord," he said; "put your trust in Heaven. I hope, when the morning comes, your boy will be given back to you."

"Have you any hope?" asked the Earl, his eyes dim with tears.

"Yes I have a faint hope," replied the physician. "I think the chances are in his favor."

What impulse suddenly caused him to look at Lady Ryeford?

Her eyes were fixed on him, and there was a lurid light in their depths, so strange that he was startled and shocked.

Why should she watch him in that intent eager fashion?

"That is the woman who laughed," he said to himself; but the next moment he rejected the idea, for she answered him with calm face and outstretched hands. He surely must have imagined that strange look on her face—his nerves must be unstrung.

"Good night, Sir James," she said, in a low clear voice; "our prayers and good wishes go with you."

"Good night, Lady Ryeford," he returned little thinking how and when he should see her again.

As she left the room, Lady Marcia went to the Earl.

"Thane," she said, "you must not be alone.

"Let Irene and me stay with you. You could not sleep if you went to bed. There is a good fire in your dressing-room; we will draw the sofa near it, and you shall lie down until midnight is past; then, if we hear nothing, we shall hope all is well."

"You are always thoughtful for me, Marcia," he said. "I was indeed afraid to be left alone."

Lady Marcia left them for a few minutes to give her orders, which the butler promised to see carried out.

As if by magic, every sound in the vast mansion was hushed; and the thoughts of every soul in the place were centred in the room where Lord Hyde lay.

"Will you come with us?" Lady Marcia asked Lady Ryeford.

"No; I prefer to go to my own room," she replied.

"You should take something," added Lady Marcia.

"Your hands burn, and your face is like fire."

She shrank from the kind gentle glance.

"No, thank you," she replied; "I am worn out with anxiety. I will say good night; and may we have good news in the morning!"

"Good night," said Lady Marcia, as she kissed the white face—"good night."

Lady Ryeford went to the Earl, and, as his trembling hands clasped hers, he said—

"You will pray for my boy?"

"I will," she answered, looking with unfathomable eyes into his face.

Last of all she bent down to kiss the dark beautiful face of her daughter.

"Do your best to comfort him, Irene," she said. "I fear he will not see his son again."

"I will indeed, mamma," promised Irene, kissing her mother's face with unusual affection.

So she passed out of their sight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Step-Mother.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

THERE were three of us, and terrible "pickles" we were.

Cooks and nursery-maids from time immemorial had impressed the fact upon us.

Our nearest neighbor, Miss Rachel Vincent, had often told us so, in the softest of purring voices, but with a vixenish glance of her cat-like eyes.

Our dear father himself had been lately betrayed by some wild fun or other, into a similar sentiment.

Thereupon Miss Rasberry Vinegar, as Sam always called her, had laid a caressing paw upon his coat-sleeve, whispering—

"Dearest Mr. Verney, the poor children need a mother."

And our father had replied significantly—I thought—

"Dearest Miss Vincent, we must endeavor to provide them with one."

A personable man was our father at this time, one who bore his five-and-forty years well and youthfully—a fascinating man to women young and old, by reason of his unvarying old-fashioned deferential courtesy and the tender inflections that crept into his deep voice a addressing them, but a man entirely unconscious of his own fascination—a profound scholar, whose library was ever tenfold more attractive than any drawing-room—a kindly, quiet, charitable, simple-minded gentleman.

Many, I could remember, were the feminine jealousies and heart-burnings on his account, and various the regrets to which his constancy to our dead mother's memory gave rise.

Most people had decided that it would last for ever.

I imagined it would soon end, and so did Miss Vincent—she because the wish was father to the thought—and the thought had been so continually and ingeniously presented to my father that he might well have adopted it; I because only a week before an escapade of mine had brought the loving comment—

"Madge, my darling, for fifteen years I have lived a lonely life for your mother's sake.

"For yours and Bertha's sake I must place a wiser mistress than you, at the head of my household."

We had discussed this matter in solemn conclave—Bertha, Sam, and I. "Pickles" as we were, this sobered us; and we debated gravely thereon.

Not that we were greatly dismayed at the prospect of a step-mother—there were two sides to that question—but that "step-mother" and Miss "Raspberry Vinegar" seemed to be synonymous terms.

We saw through her delicate flattery of our father, her simulated affection for us, her wily approach to the coveted position, the head of his table.

Whether they were equally transparent to him we could not tell.

We feared the worst; for day by day Miss Vincent's advances became more marked, and the silent courtesy with which triumphant flashes from her feline optics. We were unanimous on one point—that something—no matter how desperate—must be done to defeat her designs, but no course of action had hitherto suggested itself.

It was late autumn, or rather early winter.

Without, the wind whistled weirdly round the dear old house; within, a blazing wood-fire lighted somewhat fitfully the large low room in which we were assembled.

We had dined earlier than usual, and our father had departed to deliver a lecture at the nearest town to the young men of some Mutual Improvement Association.

I had not yet rung for lights, for to me the gloaming is the pleasantest part of the day, especially fitted for talk or meditation.

Half buried in a roomy easy-chair, gazing at the crackling logs, my father's words kept repeating themselves—

"I must place a wiser mistress than you, dear, at the head of my household."

At my feet, apparently dozing, lay Sam, at full length upon the heart-rug—all legs and wings, as we girls were wont to tell him.

Bertha sat on a low stool at his head, played alternately with his curls and with a tiny Skye, a look of intense glee upon her mischief-loving face.

A piece of tape was in her hand, but what she was doing with it I could not see.

Presently she rose, and ran lightly across the room.

"Mop, Mop, Mop!" she cried; and the Skye bounded towards her.

A horrible yell burst from Sam, and a whine from a dog.

"Mop, Mop, Mop!"

Another bound from the dog, and, as Sam sprang to his feet, muttering incoherent but wrathful anathemas, I saw that his curls were carefully attached to Mop's leg by about four yards of white tape.

It was some seconds before his clumsy fingers could find and open the many-bladed pocket-knife with which, I imagine, every lad of sixteen is provided.

Then ensued a chase, in which the effect of two yards of tape streaming behind him, his excited face, and his unwieldly efforts to slip as deftly as Bertha round intervening chairs and tables was irresistibly absurd.

At length a spring forward was followed by a loud crash: and he, a small writing-table, pens, inkstand, paper-knife, and blotting-pads, came to the floor together.

"Dearest Mr. Verney," mimicked Bertha in exact imitation of Miss Vincent's dulcet tones, "poor Sam is so clumsy; he requires female influence to teach him the amenities of life."

"You be hanged!" was Sam's polite rejoinder.

"See to what your female influence has brought me!"

"Is the ink spilled?" asked I nervously, after satisfying myself that nothing was broken.

"No ink to spill," said Sam, turning the bottle topsy-turvy.

"Look here, you monkey!"—clutching Bertha by the hair.

"Ask old Tom to fill it, and tell Susan to bring in the lamp."

Order restored, and the lamp lighted, a little silence fell upon them.

Sam broke it.

"I say, girls, I've been thinking——"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Bertha. "We can't believe that, you know,"

"Of your nonsense," pursued Sam. "It will bring Miss Raspberry Vinegar for a step-mother, if we are not careful."

"And if we are careful, too, I fear," remarked I.

"No," said Sam decidedly.

"There is another aspirant for that doubtful honor."

"Who?" asked Bertha eagerly.

Sam assumed a look of preternatural gravity slowly closed his left eye, and as slowly opened it.

"I know but one person whom I could bear to see mistress here," said I—"dear Mrs. Wood of Fosse Cottage."

"Which she is the very identical!" exclaimed Sam.

"What do you mean?" was my rejoinder

"That this amiable widow, fat, fat, and forty, blushes like a schoolgirl when one Martin Venney pays her ordinary attentions."

"Dear little lady," said Bertha, "I could call her 'mother.'"

"You shall have that pleasure," asserted Sam, a wicked twinkle in his eye. "I am about to make her an offer."

"You?"

"By letter—in the *pater's* name, of course—and she will not refuse it."

"And the *pater?*"

"Must make the best of the situation. If he declines to accept it, he is too thorough a gentleman to marry another woman for many long months, at least."

I listened with mute amazement. Madcap Sam was displaying method in his madness.

Here was a scheme, wild enough; but feasible, and one that promised to effect that great end, the discomfiture of Miss Raspberry Vinegar.

"Draw up to the table, girls," said Sam, "and let us each write a draft of the *pater's* love-letter; but I depend on yours, Madge."

For some minutes there was no sound but the scratch, scratch of our three pens; but I soon became conscious that two had ceased to fly over the paper.

Looking up, I saw Bertha nibbling her quill in a perplexed and meditative way, and Master Sam with one hand pressed to his heart and the other outstretched to her, his whole attitude expressive of extreme devotion.

Bertha and I burst into a roar of laughter, whereupon he gravely rebuked us for "unseeming levity and waste of precious time," scolding us till we resumed work.

Five minutes later our compositions were finished, and Sam proceeded to read his own.

"Dear Mrs. Wood,—Why should you and I be content with single wretchedness, when wedded bliss can be so easily assured? I have a fair income, a good position, a large house, and a small family. With respect to the last, I must own that Madge is of somewhat uncertain temper"—here I made a dash at his hair, and gave it a good tug—"and Bertha as harum-scarum a young madcap as you might wish to see"—here Bertha jumped up and boxed his ears pretty soundly—"but my dear boy Sam, the hope and joy of my heart, is so staid, so studious so sweet-tempered, and so perfect in every way that he more than atones for the shortcomings of the others. Will you be a mother to them, and the honored wife of your devoted admirer,

"MARTIN VENNEY."

"Ridiculous!" said Bertha.

"Then we will hear yours," replied Sam, snatching it from her fingers.

"Listen!"—and, with ludicrous and exaggerated emphasis, he read the following—

"Adorable Charmer,—Your manifold perfections have kindled so intense a flame in a heart I had deemed almost insensible to woman's wiles that the great desire of my life is to call you mine. To describe the rapture of love which fills the manly breast is indeed impossible, to make you feel it in some degree, if you will come to these arms as my dear wife, is the hope of my existence."

"Pretty strong," said Sam, "for five and forty.

"Read yours, Madge."

"My dear Madam,—I have come to believe, for the second time in my life, that it is not good for man to be alone; and it is your sweetness of disposition, your goodness and amiability, and the certainty that in you my dear children would indeed find a second mother that have brought me to this conviction. I cannot offer you that passionate regard which is youth's prerogative, for my youth, dear Madam, is over, and I am forty-five years of age. But I can give you the deepest and truest affection, and it shall be my first aim, if you will confide your happiness to my keeping as your husband, to prove worthy of the trust.

"Whatever may be your reply, believe me, dear Madam,

"Always faithfully and affectionately yours,

"MARTIN VENNEY."

"Here goes mine," cried Bertha, tearing her sheet in two.

"And mine!" laughed Sam, following suit.

"And mine," said I.

"Not so fast, old lady," chuckled Sam, snatching it from me. "Why yours is the precise thing!

"I will copy and send it in ten minutes; then you may have your precious handiwork."

* * * * * *

We had one day's breathing-time, for unless Mrs. Wood replied by special messenger, her letter would not arrive till the second morning.

All three of us were guiltily quiet; but our father did not observe it. He startled us at dinner by remarking—

"I called on Mrs. Wood yesterday, to ask if she would join me in a soup-kitchen scheme."

"Did she consent?" I inquired.

"She asked a day or two for consideration."

The morning came.

The letter-bag lay unopened by my father's plate whilst he unconcernedly discussed a hearty breakfast.

Bertha and I played with our knives and forks; Sam ate well—nothing less than a social earthquake could have spoiled his appetite.

The eventful moment arrived; the bag was opened, two or three circulars were disposed of, and then came a delicate little envelope somewhat tremulously addressed. My heart seemed to stand still whilst our father perused its contents.

"Girls," said our father, "I shall ride to Fosse Cottage this evening, and dine with Mrs. Wood.

"She says she will then answer my proposal."

A sense of relief came to me; in his mind the "proposal" and the soup-kitchen were doubtless intimately connected. I glanced at Sam; he was bursting with suppressed laughter.

"Very well, papa."

About ten that evening we heard the ring of a horse's hoofs on the way to the stables.

Bertha fled incontinently.

Sam had barely time to whisper, "All right, Madge—my doing altogether.

"I planned and wrote it, you know," before my father entered.

"Go to bed at once, both of you," he commanded, in the sternest tones I had ever heard him use.

I stole one look at his countenance as I crept away; it was more young and merry-looking I thought.

He saw the pitiful expression on my face, and he held out his arms. I sprang into them, and nestled close.

"Forgive us, dear," said I; "we will never do it again."

"I trust you may never have occasion," he replied; and a glad light shone in his eyes.

"Meanwhile go to bed; and, on your lives be silent and discreet, all of you."

At dessert next evening Miss Vincent was announced.

We were near neighbors, and two or three times a week it was her custom to run in and spend the evening *sans ceremonie*. My father rose, drew a chair to the table, and filled her glass.

"Dear Miss Vincent," said he, "to-night I have a toast to give, which you will drink, I trust, with all your heart. Children, all your glasses.

"'My future wife!'"

We drank it with suppressed enthusiasm, Miss Vincent hysterically.

"I hope," said my father—and, as he spoke, I noticed what I had never before observed, how surprisingly like Sam's his eyes could be when they twinkled in a certain way—"I hope soon to present to my establishment a lady more than worthy to be its mistress"—here a deprecatory expression hovered about Miss Vincent's face—"to my children a mother capable of reciprocating their affection with the utmost tenderness"—here she made a gesture as though she would embrace the said decidedly unappreciative children—"and to gain for myself a helpmate who may share the joys and soothe the sorrows"—here Miss Vincent's handkerchief active came into re-

culation—"of the years I have yet to live, I have long felt that there was one woman in the world—perhaps but one—who could do all this.

"Here, in the bosom of my family"—Miss Vincent's unoccupied hand groped blindly towards my father, and the twinkle in his eyes became more marked—"I may say that lady's name is—Mrs. Wood of Fosse Cottage."

"Who?" cried Miss Vincent, in a perfect transport of rage.

But nobody remarked the ejaculation save Sam, for Bertha and I had our arms round our father's neck, and were smothering him with kisses.

Sam rose and with a profound bow opened the door for Miss Vincent; and in the confusion she escaped unnoticed.

We religiously preserved the secret of the proposal, and our dear step-mother never suspected its authorship.

She has been dead some years; but my father lives still, and only the other day he told me what passed between them at the snug little *tete-a-tete* dinner which terminated so happily.

"She was charmingly dressed," he said, "and a delicate little flush of embarrassment made her look very young and pretty."

The embarrassment wore off as the meal proceeded, and they talked civilly enough upon the topics of the day, until the cloth was removed.

Then said my father—

"My dear madam, with reference to my proposal?"

To his astonishment, a vivid flush overspread her face.

"It was so unexpected," she murmured.

"But not unwelcome, I trust?"

There was no reply; but the lady looked down thoughtfully and played with some filberts on her plate.

"Think" urged my father, rising in his enthusiasm, "how excellent is the idea, and how much good may be done by our union—how my energy, wisely directed by you, may call down the blessings upon both our hands."

To his utter amazement, Mrs. Wood burst into a flood of tears, rose, and threw her arms about his neck crying—

"My dear Martin, I always loved you—always!"

To soothe her agitation by caressing the soft brown hair that rested against his bosom was his first thought, his second, "What in the world does all this mean?"

"I have read your dear letter a hundred times," sobbed she.

"What next?" thought my father. "Poor thing, she has gone mad!"

Meanwhile his arm stole round her waist—a very slim one; the situation began to have attractions.

"It is like yourself," she continued—"most kind and considerate, and most delicately expressed."

"Let me see it again," said he, catching sight of a paper half hidden in her bosom, and gently drawing it forth.

The lady hid her face while he perused it and he pressed her the nearer to him, perhaps that he might ponder the revelation for a minute.

Then he raised her hand, kissed her lips tenderly, and led her to a chair.

"So you will be my dear wife?" he said. "But this interview agitates you too much; we must end it.

"Good-bye till to-morrow."

My father always declares that he had for some time been attached to Mrs. Wood and that our premature proposal only forestalled his own avowal.

Be that as it may, it is certain he never regretted it.

For two months the trips to Fosse Cottage was a thing of daily occurance; after that time, the cottage was to be let, and we had succeeded in providing ourselves with a step-mother.

After Many Days.

BY JOHN FROST.

THERE was sorrow in the widow's cottage.

A chill autumnal day was drawing towards it close as the Widow Ramsay sat by the open fireplace in their kitchen.

By her side, with a head resting lovingly upon her knee, sat her daughter Bessie, small of frame and sweetfaced like herself.

She had seen just a score of years of life, and they had been years of strangely varied experience.

Opposite to the widow, at the other end of the hearth, bolstered up in a great easy-chair was her son John.

An injury to his spine, from a fall in his boyhood, had crippled him for life.

He was pale and wan, suffering much, but never complaining.

He was five and twenty years of age, and fifteen of those years had passed over his blighted life.

The husband and father, David Ramsay, had been dead ten years.

A prolonged sickness, previous to his death, had served to cripple him sadly in money matters.

On the day that saw him first taken to his bed, he owned the pretty cottage, and owed no man a shilling.

He had nothing laid up, so that when he had been kept away from his work a month with expenditures increasing and nothing coming in, he was forced to borrow.

He was ill a year and a-half, at the end of which time his cottage had been mortgaged for very nearly its full value.

And so he died, leaving his wife and two little children in a home which was not theirs.

He willed his property to his wife, but that only meant that she should see the interest paid.

In fact, there were very comfortable cottages in the village which could have been rented for less money than the interest on those mortgages amounted to.

But the widow could not bear to give up the dear old home.

She would rather work harder, and pay a little more rent, than give up the precious old home of her younger and happier days.

And during those long and weary years Sarah Ramsay had managed to support her family and keep her home.

Or, I should say, she and Bessie had so managed.

Since she was large enough and strong enough, the dear child—bless her sweet, happy face!—had worked with her mother.

And of work outside their own home, they had done whatever they had been able to find to do.

And now, on this chill autumnal evening the shadow of a new necessity lay darkly upon them.

The man who had held the mortgages on their cottage had died, and his executors must either have the money or the property.

Eight thousand dollars was the amount, and they could not raise anything scarcely! What should they do?

They were not, however, to be turned out at once.

The cottage need not be sold under six months from that date.

Another evil had resulted to them in the death of the man who had held the mortgages.

For several years Bessie had kept his books for him, had done most of his writing; and that had considerably more than paid their rent, as we will call the interest.

How to earn money in their village Bessie did not know; and after much thought, and much discussion, it had been decided that she should go away to a town fifty miles distant, where she could have work in a cotton factory!

Yes, that had been resolved upon; and the day following was to be the day of her departure.

On the morning of the coming day she must eat breakfast earlier than usual, so as to be ready for the coach when it came along.

Do you marvel now that there was sorrow in the widow's cottage?

For full half an hour Bessie had sat close to her mother's side; but now giving her a hearty kiss, she started up and began to set the table.

While she was thus engaged the shades of evening fell thickly and fast, and the widow lighted a lamp.

The rays of the new light had just filled the small kitchen, when they were startled by a knock upon the outer door.

Bessie would have gone to answer the summons, but her mother was before her.

"Ah, good evening.

"Does Mr. Ramsay live here?"

"Mistress Ramsay lives here, sir, and I am that person."

"And Mr. Ramsay—David—is he——"

The widow, without waiting for him to finish the sentence, moved back, at the same time making a motion for him to enter. She could see that he was a young man, hearty and strong, gentlemanly in bearing, and respectably clad, and, furthermore, she fancied that she could detect a familiar ring in the tones of his voice.

"He is dead, sir, these ten years.

"Will you walk in?"

With a polite bow and a word of thanks, he followed her into the kitchen, where the light of the lamp revealed him as he was.

A man not more than four or five and twenty, tall and strong.

A frame of grand proportions; hair dark and curling; eyes of a soft, lustrous gray; and a face that might have won the confidence of an intelligent misanthrope. He was handsome, and he was more—vastly more.

He looked good—so good that the widow's heart warmed towards him at once. As to Bessie's heart we dare not speak.

In fact, her heart had not yet opened itself.

She was wondering, studying, puzzling herself with the question, "Where have I seen that man?"

"We were upon the point, sir, of sitting down to our poor supper.

"If you will join us, you shall be welcome."

"Do you make so free, without knowing who I am or whence I come?" the stranger returned, with a smile.

The widow smiled pleasantly as she answered—

"You are a stranger, sir; but your face is one that I dare to trust."

"Well, well," he said, with a light laugh, "you shall know who I am.

"What I am may remain to be proved. You remember Allan Atherton?"

A low, half-smothered cry of relief broke from Bessie's lips.

Ah! she knew him now; ay, though she had been but a wee bit of a thing, not five years old, when she had seen him last.

"Yes," said Mrs. Ramsay; "and"—with a brightening face—"I know you now. You are George—George Atherton?"

"Yes, Mrs. Ramsay.

"And this—is this——"

"My son, John."

"Ay," the new-comer cried, putting forth his strong hand, and taking the invalid's thin, wasted fingers in his warm grasp, "I see the dear old face now!

"John—Jack!—you should be just of my own age.

"Do you remember the old days—the grand old days of our boyhood?"

There was something in the grip and the tone of the man that was inspiring, and the cripple felt his heart warm and his whole frame revive.

"Yes, yes, George; I remember very well.

"Ah! I was strong and well then."

"And how long have you been ailing thus, dear boy?"

"I got my hurt the very next year after you went away, and have been but a useless hulk, such as you now see, ever since."

"He is the light of our home, Mr. Atherton," quickly put in the mother, her blue eyes kindling with ardor as she spoke; "and he knows it.

"Ask him if his mother really loves him.

"And ask him, too, for what he thinks his mother would part from him!

"But, sir, here is another, whom I do not think you will remember.

"This is Bessie."

What in the world caused the girl to pale and tremble so, when she put forth her hand to the strong, handsome man?

Why did her bosom heave? and why did her lips quiver, and her voice shake?

Ay, and look at the man himself.

See the wondrous light that gleams in those radiant eyes!

See the change that comes over the handsome face—a change like that which takes place when a cloud has swept quickly over the landscape, leaving the bright sunlight dancing where the shadow had been!

"She may not remember me," he said, as he felt her hand tremble in his impulsive grasp; "but I have not forgotten her. Bessie, have you forgotten?

"Why, of course you have!

"You were only a little tot of four or five years.

"Oh! what nonsense we used to talk!"

"I have not forgotten," she said, as soon as she could command her speech.

Something in the warm, friendly, confiding look in his face gave her assurance, and she went on, "No, Mr. Atherton, I have not forgotten.

"When my eyes first rested upon you I caught a familiar expression, and was trying to think where I had seen you before, when you spoke."

Bessie had spoken very steadily.

A charming smile rippled over her face at the close.

She found a quick and ready excuse for bringing the scene to an end.

With a bow and a smile she once more gave herself to the work of the tea-table; and ere long thereafter they were seated around the board—all save John—he eat from a tray placed in his lap.

During the meal George Atherton told the story of his adventures abroad.

He and his father had left their home sixteen years ago.

For twelve years they had not been separated for a day; and then came the separation that was to know no earthly mending.

From that time he had been alone in the world—"still working, still pushing," as he expressed it—"my energies given to whatever my hands found to do, my by body in the mill or in the mine, but my spirit—my thoughts—wandering far away towards the home of my childhood."

"And do you know," he went on, after answering a question asked by the widow, "that in all our wanderings, while my father lived, we never forgot the one dear friend through whose kindness we had been enabled to make our way abroad.

"Ay, we know that David Ramsay, when he lent us the money that bore us away, deprived himself and you, his wife, of more than one solid comfort.

"Ah! our gratitude is more than I can tell."

"But, dear George," said Mrs. Ramsay, brightly, "do not forget that your father paid that all back to us, with interest a hundredfold.

"David let him have a thousand dollars, and he sent back to us from San Francisco fifteen hundred."

"Ah!" responded Atherton, with a solemn movement of the head; "there are some debts which cannot be liquidated with money. You cannot buy true love!"

A brief silence ensued, which the newcomer broke by saying, in low, quivering tones, "Mrs. Ramsay, almost the last words my father spoke to me from his dying bed were of yourself and David, and of your little family.

"Holding my hand, he asked of me a promise that, when I should return to our old home, I would hold it my first duty to find David Ramsay—to visit the family, if they should be living—and give to them all his love and fond remembrance. And this I now do.

"If there be such a thing as a looking back upon earth by those who have gone on to the other shore, then let us be sure that my good old father is looking down upon us here at this moment."

A hush fell at this point, and both Mrs. Ramsay and Bessie wiped away the tears that brimmed over upon their cheeks.

At length the tea-table was cleared away, and the evening that followed was spent in earnest conversation.

Mrs. Ramsay would not have told her story in all its sadness had not Atherton drawn it from her.

He would not allow her to skip one of her troubles; and when it came to the telling of Bessie's plan for the morrow he was deeply affected.

The girl herself chanced to be looking at him while her mother was speaking, and she saw something that caused her heart to bound with a wondrous emotion.

She saw him tremble—shudder—from head to foot; she saw his broad bosom heave, and she saw his eyes fill and run over.

As the evening waned, George Atherton would have left and sought the village inn; but they would not listen to it.

When the time for retiring had come, Atherton helped get poor John to his place of rest; and then, with a flitting smile, he said to the widow, "Mrs. Ramsay, as Bessie is to go away so early in the morning, I wish you would allow me to sit with her here just for a few minutes.

"There are several things I so much wish to say to her."

So the widow blessed him and went her way, leaving her daughter paling and trembling, to keep him company.

"Now, Bessie," said the young man, struggling hard to speak clearly and coherently, "what I have to say can be said in few words; and, I beg you, don't you speak until I have finished."

He then drew his chair to her side and took her hand.

She did not offer to withdraw it, but gave it willingly, as though she trusted him completely.

"Bessie do you remember, away back in the other years, how I used to call you my little wife?

"Can you call to mind that once, when your father, holding you on his knee, asked you what you were going to do with George you answered him, with all the earnestness of your childish heart, 'I'm doin' to be his 'ife?'

"Ah, Bessie! I have not forgotten, and I tell you truly during all the years of my wandering I have carried the image of my little wife in memory—a sacred thing of which to think and of which to dream.

"And now, Bessie, I can truthfully say I love you with all my heart!

"I am strong and well, and have good business capacity.

"At least, I can support a wife. Bessie, darling! do you think you could love me well enough to give me this dear hand, and be my own, my precious wife?

"Oh, if you can say yes, I will hold you as something so sacred and so precious that all the glare and glitter of all the rest of the world shall never win me from my faith, Bessie!"

While he spoke he had been drawing her towards him; and now, when she gave him her answer, her head was pillowed upon his breast, and his strong arms were twined around her.

"George," she confessed, when she had wiped away the happy tears, and could speak coherently, "I think I have loved you always; and this evening, when you first spoke your father's name, I knew you, and my heart went out to you with all its love, and all its holy trust."

More was said while her head lay lovingly upon his bosom—words of love and devotion. At length she looked, with a hand resting trustfully upon his shoulder, and said, with a quiver in her voice, "Oh! how can I go away so early in the morning?"

"Go away! You—go away from me?" A little pause, and then, "Bessie, when I asked you to love me, I would not seem to make a base bid for your love; but I may make a full confession now.

"Dear girl, for your sake, and for your dear mother's sake, and for poor John's sake, God bless them both! ay, and may God bless us all! for all our sakes, I am glad that I am rich.

"No more want, darling; no more talk of factories. Your labor in the time to come shall be to love me—that is all. And I shall want so much love that I fear you will find time for nothing else. Yes, darling, I am rich.

"I verily believe I could to-morrow buy up this whole village, every house in it, and every foot of land, and pay the cash, and yet have money left. Oh, my own true heart! for your dear sake, and for the sake of those whom you love, I am glad."

On the following morning Bessie was up with the lark, and away to the little provision shop, where she loaded herself with as much as she could carry.

An hour later, when her mother, who had hastily overslept herself, came out into the kitchen, she found Bessie busy with cooking.

There was coffee—how its fragrance filled the room!—and there was beefsteak and eggs. In one corner of the fire-place, superintending the broiling of the steak, his face glowing with a rapturous light, sat George Atherton. Why, bless me, Bessie!

"What in the world!

"Dear girl, do you know the coach will be here——"

"Oh, mamma! mamma!

"I don't want the coach this morning. Oh, mamma! I am not going away."

Then she threw herself upon her mother's bosom, and, with George's assistance, the story was soon told.

By and by breakfast was ready.

John Ramsay was bolstered up in his great easy chair by the table, between George and Bessie.

And then they eat, and were glad.

Looking up, with brimming eyes, the widow softly repeated—

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of life!"

And George Atherton, thinking of that long-gone time when David Ramsay had given to his father the help so sorely needed, quoted, in solemn tones, "'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.'"

MAID AND BOY.

BY J. A.

Come, little maid, from youthful days,
And let me paint you as you stood;
Your braided hair, your coyish ways,
That would and would not when I would.

Your gown of checkered calico,
The tire of pink, I see them yet:
Your little shoes not made for show,
The clean and scalloped pantalets.

I played with you in sun and shade,
By roadside, yard, and alder streams;
With many a break and birch we made
The woven house of fairy beams,

Wherein we lived but for a day;
A sweeter spot on newer ground
Allured us in the wooded way,
And all was new we newly found.

* * * * * *

But now I am a man become,
And you a woman grave and sweet;
And I no longer lead you home,
Or to the brook bathe your pink feet.

What have we now that's like the past?
Our guileless hearts knew not its name;
But blest are we to know at last
That what it was, 'tis still the same.

UPTON COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

COLD and still, ghastly with the hue of death, rigid with its unearthly stillness was the face she had seen last raised to hers in triumphant mockery.

Crossed, too, with purple wales over the closed eyes, and bruised by the iron spikes and heavy fall, the fair curls draggled with the water that had washed away the blood, the features wearing the agonized expression of those who have met death by the suffocation of drowning.

And this was the first corpse—so tenderly had her youth been guarded—that her eyes had seen!

What wonder if, with her wild remorse, her sheer despair, her knowledge that what had been done could never be undone, the sight of this thing which was his semblance and not himself—this thing which belonged to the tomb and all its horrors, which would go down into it bearing her mark, silently calling for vengeance on her till it drew her also to come down to it, turned her brain?

A little while she stood in the dark midnight, convulsed with horror, possessed by terror-stricken loathing.

Then, as her unnerved hand touched by chance the ghastly face, and she felt the sensation of its icy coldness creep to her heart, her fever-lent courage failed.

A long shriek of piercing misery roused those who that night were sleeping the dull heavy sleep of sorrow.

They, searching the house for its cause, found a gibbering maniac raving in the moonlight beside the corpse, filling the deaf ears with softest words, covering the bruised, rigid forehead with tenderest kisses.

Accusing herself, accusing him, revealing all the truth—at least to initiated ears—her father and uncle between them forced her way, bore her back to her own apartment, and laid her again on the bed which she was not destined to quit for many a week to come.

For days she lay delirious, filling the house with ghastly laughter, pouring out the treasures of her evil heart in many a selfish or malignant world, saddening over more and more the spirit of the wretched father as he kept his strict and miserable watch beside her.

She was still unconscious when the body of her victim was borne away to rest with those of his ancestors in the village church.

She was very ill, brought down to the brink of the grave, to which it would have been so far happier for her to have been consigned in the innocence of infancy.

Her natural strength of constitution triumphed at last, and she rose up from her sick-bed, but never, never to become the Katherine Durrant she had been before.

Henceforth, gloomy and sullen, dead to outward things, absorbed in the terrible recollection of the dread catastrophe of her life, her intellect slightly warped, her beauty blasted, she was to be the Katherine Durrant Margaret Lindsay knew in after time.

The ruin in her prospects was not due only to the change in herself, though this in itself would have been sufficient to have caused it.

However faithfully the secret of her crime might be kept—and Colonel Durrant strictly observed his compact with his unhappy brother, while the old housekeeper, an embodiment of attached fidelity, would have died rather than reveal the shame of those in whose service she had passed her life—it was impossible to prevent people from having their own opinions about Captain Durrant's death.

The coroner's jury might, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, return a verdict of accidental death.

The judgment of the country-side would not agree therein.

Miss Durrant had been no favorite even among those she called her friends, while her pride and heartlessness had alienated from her the goodwill of the middle and lower classes.

She reaped the fruit of it now.

Hardly any proof could have persuaded them that, directly or indirectly—though from what motive they had no idea—her cousin did not owe death to her.

Not the less surely, because intangibly, did this poisonous mist of suspicion hang round Upton Court.

Not the less fatally did its withering influence, in conjunction with the burden of his grief and shame, change Mr. Durrant from a hale and vigorous man into a worn and aged wreck, bringing him down, as he had truly foretold, with sorrow to the grave.

After his death Katherine still went on living at Upton under the charge of Cator, who had recommended himself to the notice of the Durrants by the prudent silence he had always maintained; about those events with which he had been more mixed up than any other outsider, and to whom they now confided as much of the terrible truth as sufficient to make Katherine always amenable to his management.

The deep seclusion her father had always kept up since the period of the catastrophe, under the pretence of her altered health, deepened still more.

She rarely saw her remaining relations. They could not forget that he who was their son and brother had met death from those small brown hands.

They forgave, but forgiveness was not oblivion.

What her uncle and, after his death, her cousin, saw was necessary to be done in regulation of the family affairs and management of the estates they did, but nothing more.

Their visits were rare and formal, and none of the ladies ever entered Upton Court.

And the Court—with its two or three domestics where there had once been scores, with its empty stables and neglected gardens, its deserted rooms and echoing passages—grew year by year more dismal in its loneliness, more hopelessly behind the swiftly advancing tide of time.

The old ghostly traditions connected with the wrong-doings of the ancient Durrants, which had lain asleep during the splendid festivities of the last prosperous generation, were awakened again in the minds of the credulous, mystery-loving country people by the desolation that enveloped their ancient seat.

And so, when Katherine, in the hideous nightmare of her dreams, sought to rehearse sleeping the tragedy of her waking horror, the few who chanced to meet her shrank away, deeming they had seen the restless spectre of her ancestress.

They discovered from certain traces, on the day that followed her own lamentable exploit, that the way in which she had obtained access to the gardens was through the conservatory leading from the drawing-room, the doors of which, cunningly constructed to fasten with strong springs when closed from within had usually no other fastening.

These her hands, through the power of long custom, aided by the cunning that seems to characterise sleep-walkers, had opened easily in her trance, and thus she had gone in and out undiscovered and unsuspected.

She did so with the more security because Cator and his wife, with all their strong-mindedness in other ways, were not wise enough to disbelieve the rumors of supernatural appearances, and believe Margaret to be merely confirming them when she asserted she had seen what was no ghost, but worse.

Thus also, when the torture of her sleep-drugged mind had driven her to the room where she had once gone through that terrible scene beside her lover's body, on the night which nearly killed Margaret with its horror, Mrs. Cator had never troubled herself to remember the circuitous passage thence to her own bedchamber, or what it might imply.

Moreover, her midnight wanderings did not appear to have taken place in calm, bright weather gales, came to remind her with more vivid force of the crime at the period when it was committed, or of the storm and darkness which enveloped the earth while her desperate illness passed away, as if the pure skies refused to look down on the spot which had been polluted by so great a crime.

CHAPTER XIX.

LET the curtain rise once more, and show Upton Court under the rule of righteousness and well-doing.

It is an August evening, some twenty-five years since the day when death overtook the guilty heiress.

It is sunset, and in the clear eastern heavens the white moon grows each moment more distinct.

Already the evening haze begins to gather over the blues and purples of the distant hills, and the rural sounds that bid good-night to the departing day float faintly and musically through the open windows of Upton Court.

Around it all is the same, yet not the same.

These are the same park and houses and gardens which were here thirty years ago, but, as unmistakably as they bore once the stamp of neglect and decay, so unmistakably now do they bear the print of well-ordered prosperity.

The picturesque old house looks as fresh and perfect in every detail as on the day when it first left the builder's hands.

The too-luxuriant timber of the park has been properly thinned, its fences are in good repair.

Above and between them peep here and there the sloping roof of some new cottage in which it has been found practicable to unite utility with ornament.

In what good heart are you slopes of glass—how choice the Shorthorns and Southdowns that pasture on them!

Even a Yorkshire horse-dealer would look with approval on the colts which stretch their fleet young limbs in wild impromptu race along that level glade.

The stately sweep of pleasure-grounds around the house has been restored to more than its former beauty.

Once more the dark yew hedges are trim and square in their massive quaintness; once more the intervening lawns remind one of emerald velvet, sprinkled by the wind-driven spray of the fountains and studded and bounded by the choicest flowers produced by modern culture and science.

And round them stand the tall trees, whispering to each other in the light summer breeze.

Let us pass in at those wide-open French windows.

Here are the same rooms where Margaret Lindsay watched in pain and fear the last year of Katherine Durrant's living death.

But they are now restored to daily use, glowing with beauty of form and color, their ghostly mournfulness quite swept away.

In the great entrance-hall the magnificent staircase is still in its place, but the rich crimson carpets that cover it dispel its gloom and banish all impression save that of stately beauty.

Many of the ancestral portraits remain, but they hang, interspread with trophies of armor and hunting-spoils, against freshly painted walls, and below them the dark wainscot shines in its ebon polish.

The stone slabs of the floor have given place—sole innovation—to one of the exquisite floorings of encaustic tiles which more than rival their proto-types of former days.

Wonderful old carved chairs, tables and settees, in black oak and crimson, flower-stands, gun-racks and whip-stands—to say nothing of the chamber-organ at one end of the hall, and the handsome billiard-table at the other—have indeed altered its appearance since the wild winter's night when Margaret first beheld it.

At its farthest end the same heavy oak door as of old gives entrance to the great drawing-room where the girl played so many evenings with a sick heart to her forlorn kinswoman.

The room is so altered that one who had not seen in since that time would scarce have recognized it.

In this, the crown and jewel of the house, each detail tells of wealth and art, and the refinement of modern society.

Rich curtains and carpets of subdued and glowing colors drape the windows and partially cover the floor of polished oak. The lofty ceiling is a marvel of delicate-hued fretwork.

Amidst the beautiful old pictures, on which Margaret hung spellbound in her youth, may now be seen a few of those master-pieces of her modern school of which England may well be proud.

A handsome grand piano, standing open at one end of the room, proclaims, together with harp and two violins beside it, the household love of music.

Littered up and down are the pretty, fanciful odds and ends in which ladies delight.

And, mingled with the volumes on science and art with which the tables are loaded, lie—best sight of all!—the schemes and reports of a dozen associations, religious, charitable, benevolent — the latest pamphlet on a crying evil, the last proposal for the reform of some injustice.

Here, half unrolled, are the plans for a school in a distant hamlet.

There, in its work-frame shines, stiff with gold, the unfinished embroidery of an altar cloth.

Plainly they are no idle self-seeking drones to whom the responsibility of this wealth has been committed.

Alone in a lounging chair by the window sits the mistress of this beautiful room, enjoying the evening freshness.

She is waiting for her husband and eldest son—waiting a little anxiously, truth to tell.

For her husband is standing for the county, and this is the day of election.

He is beloved and honored far and near, and the requisition which prayed him to come forward, bore many and weighty names.

In all probability when he reaches his home to-night long years of noble effort in the cause of right and justice against both active wrong and the more slothful tyranny of custom will have been crowned by that civic reward which all Englishmen prize so highly and so justly.

Still, fate delights ever to falsify human expectations.

And, mindful of this, his wife's fair cheek flushes slightly with anxiety, and she starts at each sound that may betoken his coming.

As she lifts her head at the imaginary sound of wheels, one can see plainly in that beautiful face the Margaret of days long past.

Five and twenty years have flown since the bridal wreath was bound among the masses of her radiant hair.

They have streaked its golden brown with silver, drawn lines of care on brow and cheek, and impaired the round elasticity of her slender figure.

But they have not been able to alter the refined, delicate figures.

Though the lustre of those wonderful violet eyes is slightly dimmed, they are full as ever of dreamy sweetness.

There is really a stir without at last; she rises, but, ere she has time to leave the room, a young man bursts in with the glad tidings:

"Mother, my father is in!"

As he bends over and kisses her there is no need to ask whose son he is.

For he is as like her as it is possible for a handsome lad of two or three and twenty, in the flush of youth and health, to be like a delicate middle-aged woman.

Indeed, that he is so little like his father is that proud mother's one regret concerning him.

And yet it is his father's look that flashes from those blue eyes, so much like her own.

There are the same lines round the firm mouth: and the same earnest watchful expression of the face, when at rest, that made the great charm of Edward Durrant's long ago.

"Well, mother, I hope you are properly glad!" he says, as, with one hand on each shoulder, he looks down on her with beaming eyes.

"It depends, I should think, on what proper gladness is, Humfrey," she answers archly, her face as bright as his own.

"How can I reply truthfully unless I know your ideas on the subject?"

He looks at her again with roguish, loving pride.

"Proper gladness!" he rejoins.

"Why, of course you ought to be overwhelmed with joy that my father has had the honor of being returned for the county."

"I'm very much afraid I'm not properly glad then," she says, in a tone of pretended humility.

"For, though I do not say I am dissatisfied on that score, I am much more overjoyed that they have done themselves the honor to return him."

Her son laughs merrily, and bends his bright young head again to her fond embrace, saying—

Mother, mother, you are incorrigible! I do believe if my father were offered a dukedom or a premiership to-morrow, you would simply take it as a matter of course, believing the diginity to be honored by his acceptance of it."

"Boyish exaggeration!" she responds, smiling and coloring slightly, as if she were a girl again, and had been twitted with her devotion to her lover. "But you know perfectly well, sir, that your father is honored for and by what he is in himself, not by what men can make him. Where is he?"

And though her firstborn, who has never given her one anxious thought, stands beside her, her eyes look away towards the door, unsatisfied until the husband and father enters to receive that wifely sympathy and joyful appreciation of the triumph without which it, like all else, is but half-valued and half-enjoyed.

As he stands, receiving her earnest congratulations, one can see what a happy marriage this has been, and is, in each of those calm words and actions.

Years have dealt as tenderly with him as with his wife.

His has been no sluggard's life, but full of cares and duties, both public and private, which it has cost him much toil and many an hour of anxious thought rightly to discharge.

No wonder then that his hair also is mixed with gray, and his face graven with many a wrinkle and line of thought.

But otherwise time has but little impaired his frame.

His tall athletic figure is as straight and spare as ever; his well-cut features still glow with health and strength.

People far and wide say, "What a noble-looking man Mr. Durrant of Upton is!"

It is not only his wife who thinks him handsomer now than when, in his younger days, he supported her against her nervous fears.

She leans, that happy wife, on his arm now as he listens to his son's animated description of the day, interposing only now and then, with his fastidious love of truth, to correct some slight inaccuracy or, more sternly, to check any inclination to wit at the expense of others.

"And the children, love—where are they?" he asks, as the recital comes to an end for the present.

"On the river.

"The boys had made up their minds to go, I believe, by way of cheating their impatience to learn the result of to-day. And I was only too glad to pack them off."

"Have they all gone—even Grace?"

"Yes.

"She wanted sorely to stay with me. You know impatience is not Grace's fault.

"But I told her I should feel happier if she were in charge—she is so steady and careful."

"Yes.

"As steady and careful as some one else was thirty years ago; and just as little inclined to give a word of comfort as she would have been to Harry Danvers, or Sir John Boys, or any other of the youngsters who are so overjoyed to accept our invitations."

"You have no reason to complain, at any rate," she answers softly, smiling up into his eyes.

"Now, shall we go down to the river to meet the children, and tell them the great news—that is to say, if you are not too tired?"

"Too tired to walk through the garden with my wife?" he returns.

"Decrepit as I doubtless am, it has hardly come to that yet: though I believe Humfrey did hear me described as 'the old gentleman' by one of the free and independent electors to-day."

"That was only to distinguish me from you, sir," breaks in his son in a hurry of explanation.

"No one would ever dream of calling you old in any other way!"

"As you will, Humfrey.

"You can't alter facts, all the same," laughs his father.

And then the three saunter out of the house and through the beautiful grounds, now bathed in the sunset glow, to the river-terrace, beside which sweeps the peaceful Severn, rose-red with the reflected glories of the sky.

The place and fashion of the approaches to it from the terrace above have been altered since the dreadful day of Miss Durrant's death; the statues, then broken down, have never been replaced, and a single summer-house of Gothic design has succeeded the two pagodas that the flood swept away.

The choicest standard roses surround the walks with a mass of bloom, shedding their petals on the smooth velvety sward, whilst in the midst the grand beauty of the old cedar rises in fair contrast to their dainty loveliness, with the last rays of sunlight lingering on its topmost branches.

The spirit of desolation has so completely fled the scene of the sad tragedy, and long and happy use so blunted the memory of it, that even Mrs. Durrant has ceased to shudder and be mindful of what once took place there as she enters.

In such happy forgetfulness the father and mother pause—in calm enjoyment of the lovely views, in calm expectation of the coming of their dear ones—beside the river-wall whence Katherine's vengeful arm once pushed her lover to his death.

Humfrey, meanwhile, runs down to the little quay and looks up the silent river towards the next reach, round the point of which he knows his brothers' boat must come.

For a while they wait, talking to each other of the state of the river, which, owing to a season of extreme drought, is lower than has been known before in the memory of the oldest man.

Then, just as a shade of anxiety gathers on the mother's brow, they catch the sound of distant singing, and she smiles content, knowing her children's voices.

The music sounds nearer and nearer—at last, round the next bend comes the boat, dropping lazily down stream, while her happy crew, contenting themselves with keeping a general look-out, give their energies to the part-song.

But this breaks off abruptly as they catch sight of the waiting figures.

The young rowers have no breath left for song, as they bend heartily to their oars, in the evident longing to learn as speedily as may be if their father is an M.P. or no.

Long before they are really within hearing, they begin to shout eager questions to Humfrey: and when at length they succeed in making out the import of the short reply he sends back with vigorous lunges through the impromptu speaking-trumpet of his hands they toss their oars and hurrah with a wild energy which, while it brings a smile to their father's face, renews their mother's fear.

"They'll upset the boat," she says nervously; and Maggie is steering, not Grace. I do hope she will take care what she is about."

"Never fear, mother!

"They are all right," says Humfrey reassuringly from below.

But then he calls to those in the boat—"Give way, you fellows.

"You'll not be in till dark if you go on like that."

In response they pull with such a will that the light boat seems to fly through the water.

But "most haste the worst speed," says the proverb, and so it proves on this occasion.

Whether the extreme lowness of the stream has deceived Maggie, or that her brains are gone wool-gathering over her father's triumph, it is hard to say, but the result of her steering is that the boat sticks hard and fast on a mud-bank just opposite to the little quay where Humfrey waits to receive them.

"I say, stupid!" growl the younger brothers, in irreverent schoolboy fashion, while Humfrey shouts to them across the water to take the boat-hook and push her off.

This advice is received with sundry misgivings that they shall have to stay, with what amount of patience they can muster, on the bank until a chance may send some tortoise-like barge to take them off.

It proves practicable however, for with some energetic pushes the boat swings off again into deep water.

The sorely discomfited Maggie sinks down on her seat with a sigh of relief, and the boys resume their oars.

But as they row across the river the father and mother see, from the way the young heads bend together, that there is an earnest consultation going on among them.

It ceases as the boat's nose glides in to land under the dark archway of the old boat-house.

Humfrey catches and makes fast the chains that hold her to the quay, and then the boys, with their scarcely less active sisters; spring upon shore like cats, and crowd, eager and excited, up the steps.

Congratulation, inquiry, comment goes on, all in the same breath, while the mother's heart fills with pride as she watches her four tall, straight-limbed sons, and the two bright girls in whose fresh beauty her husband delights to tell her that she lives again.

"Father," cries the younger Margaret eagerly, when the joyous tumult has at length subsided—"father, we have got such a curious thing to show you.

"It came up on the end of the boat-hook when we pushed the boat off the bank."

"It is really very curious, father," says Grace; "and the boys think it has our crest on it.

"Harry, you took it; where is it?"

"Here"—and Harry produces and hands over to his father a dull lump of battered metal.

"It is odd, but that certainly does look like our crest."

Mr. Durrant takes into his hand the dull socket with the few faint lines on it which may or may not be the time-honored gos-hawk beneath which the Durrants did valiant battle for so many generations, and which they still retain, though the warfare in which they are called to share nowadays is marshalled under other signs.

At first he scans it with calm, indifferent eyes, leaning carelessly the while against the river-wall.

Presently the calm indifference yields to another expression—that of unwelcome suspicion, conviction, certainty; and his sunburnt face looks a little paler; his lips are pressed firmly together, as men press them in a determined struggle—nay, a slight tremor runs through his stalwart frame.

None notice it but the ever-watchful wife, for all other eyes are fixed upon the mysterious object that seems to have arisen from the deep only to trouble her beloved.

None other sees how he appears to hesitate a moment in pain and doubt; then it is over.

Rising to his full height he says—

"Boys, this is mere rubbish, or worse.

"There is no good in keeping it, so I shall throw it back into the river."

And, suiting the action to the word, with one motion of his strong arm, it sinks again in mid-stream.

His children stand in silent wonder; only Maggie says—

"Oh, I am so sorry!"

But they offer no remonstrance, for, with all his indulgent love for them, they know when he speaks in that fashion his will is not to be disputed.

And in the interest of the revived discussion of the election the strange piece of metal is soon forgotten.

But Mr. Durrant's face does not recover the expression of cheerful calmness with which he had met his wife that evening.

She notes it well.

"Children," she says, addressing them by the dear, familiar designation, though they have long out-grown its correct application, "don't tease your father with so many questions.

"He is tired with the day's work.

"It is getting late.

"Let us go in."

"Nay.

"I can hardly say I am tired.

"They certainly don't bother me," he answers, feeling through the freemasonry of the deep bond between them that she has noticed what has escaped all other eyes.

"But perhaps you are right otherwise.

"Let us go in."

"You must go and tell Mrs. Cator about your father's election," Mrs. Durrant says to the young people, as they turn away from the river, now flowing darkly through the summer night.

"She will be sadly disappointed if you don't."

"Yes," says Grace in her sweet, low voice "we must indeed.

"I had forgotten until you spoke, mother, that she said she should not go to bed until she knew."

"I dare say some of the servants have told her," says Robin.

"That won't be at all the same thing," pronounces Maggie eagerly.

"She wanted to hear it from us."

"Poor old Cator" says Humfrey rather sadly, as they move off; "how rejoiced he would have been to see this day!"

For these two have been honored pensioners of the family ever since the infirmities of age incapacitated them from active service, and that is now many a long year since.

The heads of the house have had no friends more disinterestedly faithful than these humble ones.

To its children they have been ever devoted, and have been regarded by the latter with unmixed affection as far as she was concerned, with affection mingled with a certain awe in his case.

And now it is only a few months since they laid his venerable form, with quiet, hopeful tears, in the churchyard, parting with many a sigh with one so deeply intertwined with their earliest associations.

The two girls delight to keep his grave carefully tended and covered with fresh flowers, and are daily visitors at the pretty little cottage, built under the shadow of the great house, where his widow resides.

Late as it is to-night, they do not think it too late to run into her cottage with the great news.

And so, bound on this errand, the quicker feet of the young people leave their parents alone to wander back to the house in the dewy evening air.

Even Grace goes, for she thinks Mrs. Cator will miss her if she is not there; and Robin is so excited that she knows he will need all the influence she has with him to restrain his skylarking to-night.

Moreover, she has a misty idea somewhat in the depths of her sweet heart that her father and mother will have much to say to each other about the events of the day. So she also goes, and gradually the sound of retreating footsteps and merry voices dies away on the night air, and the husband and wife are left to pursue their way alone.

The hours have stolen by, and now all that stretch of pleasure-ground is flooded with a soft, silvery radiance, chequered only by the dusky shadows of the trees. That sweetest of all silences, the silence of the summer night, lies over all, intense in its rest and peace.

Yet in its midst—with his beloved wife at his side, with the knowledge that their children are close at hand, all safe and well—Edward Durrant, on the evening of this triumphant day, grows silent and abstracted.

His thoughts are evidently dwelling on something repugnant to them.

And his wife knows yet more clearly that whatever has troubled him this evening has troubled him not a little.

"Edward, do you think I did not see your face change just now, when you were talking to our children.

"I want to know what troubled you, what is troubling you now.

"Tell me what it was that the boys fished out of the river!"

"Dearest," he answers fondly, "we must not tell the children, and I hardly like to tell you, for the knowledge will revive painful memories which these many happy years have lulled to sleep."

"Nothing can be so painful," she interrupts, "as the thought that you have a trouble unshared by me.

"If you deny me the knowledge of it now it will be the first time you have ever encroached on my wifely privilege."

"The privilege of transferring all the pain and care you possibly can from my shoulders to your own?

"Well, be it so, Margaret."

He lowers his voice—

"That dull lump of metal was a silver mount of Katherine Durrant's riding-whip!"

"Her whip?" she repeats, as if not yet clear of his meaning, but yet also speaking as by instinct below her breath.

"Her whip?"

Then as she gathers its full signification—

"The whip, with which she—oh, Edward, not that!"

"Yes," he answers briefly to her unspoken thought.

"I saw at a glance that it was silver, and the boys were quite right about the crest.

"It answers exactly to the description my poor father received of it."

"But may there not be some mistake?

"Another whip perhaps may have got into the river."

"Possibly.

"But I leave you to decide if that is probable.

"For my part I cannot think so," he continues.

"I wish I could.

"I wish it had, in any case, remained where it was."

He passes his hand across his brows, as if to brush away the painful thoughts that had gathered there.

It was not pleasant for the high-principled gentleman to be thus forcibly reminded of the stain of murder which brands his family, however secretly.

And the remembrance of the fear and suffering connected with the curse of Upton, in which he also and his Margaret had been involved, has been so vividly awakened that it seems to him as if he were once more enduring it.

His wife feels it also, and more forcibly, for hers had been the lion's share of pain.

It is with lips pale in the pale moonlight that she speaks again.

But she says bravely—

"Don't let it trouble you, dear—though I understand well enough what you must be feeling.

"And I am glad you threw it back again."

"I could not do otherwise.

"Those children would not have comprehended it had I taken possession of their relic.

"Yet it was impossible to bear the sight of it in their young hands.

"Yes, I think I acted for the best, though my action was hardly more than an involuntary impulse."

They pace on silently side by side.

They have reached the topmost terrace now, and through the windows of their beautiful home the lights stream out to greet them.

The soft silence is broken again by the faint sounds of merry voices as the young folks return from Mrs. Cator's cottage.

Mrs. Durrant knows they will be with them directly, and glances up at her husband's face, trying to read its expression in the moonlight.

What she sees there reassures her.

The troubled look has settled down into that of quiet peace, which usually reigns there.

His eyes meet hers with their usual calm smile.

"We are wrong thus to disquiet ourselves in vain, my wife, and mar the happiness given to us to-day.

"We will not regard this disturbance of the relics of the past as an omen.

"We neither look for nor believe in such.

"This instrument of a great crime has rather risen from the waters to warn us afresh against the selfishness and self-seeking which caused it.

"See how opportunely it has come, just as a further power of helping others, of striving for the right, has been put into our hands, and when the greater worldly consideration might perhaps have blinded our eyes to the fact, have tempted us rather to take our ease.

"Promise me to remind me of this even-

ing if you ever see me in danger of forgetting this, Margaret, my faithful friend and counsellor."

And she answers soberly and simply, though her heart—thrice happy wife—is swelling with the proud consciousness of her husband's nobility and worth.

[THE END]

At Willowbank.

BY HENRY FRITH.

THE guests at Willowbank Farm were all ladies, and none of them, except Hetty Watts, young enough to pine for more gaiety and amusement than was to be found in croquet, bathing, piano-playing, and the everlasting knitting and embroidery wherewith they whiled away the quiet summer days.

Hetty, who had come thither in attendance on her invalid aunt, found those sober amusements far from satisfying the aspirations of her soul.

She was beginning to consider Willowbank about the most stupid place in the world, when the arrival of a new guest afforded an agreeable diversion.

It was quite by accident that so elegant a personage as Mr. Clifford Lyne had drifted into Mrs. Hutchings' pleasant but unpretending farmhouse.

It had so happened that on his arrival at the fashionable watering-place, a mile distant, every room of the hotels had been occupied, and the landlord of one of them had recommended Mrs. Hutchings' house as a "nice, respectable place" for a day or two, until he could be more suitably accommodated.

There were at least good fishing and boating to be had at the farmhouse, and Dan'l, Mrs. Hutchings' twelve year old boy, Mr. Lyne would find a host in himself, so far as those amusements were concerned.

"He's the most elegant man I ever saw," said Hetty confidentially to her aunt, after an introduction to Mr. Lyne.

"I wish John were a little more of his style—dear, blundering old fellow."

"Take care, Hetty; don't let your admiration of 'style' lead you into undervaluing John Sherrard's sterling qualities.

"He's worth a dozen of this Mr. Lyne, I don't doubt," was her aunt's reply.

"Oh, there's no danger of my undervaluing John," said Hetty, with a smile and a blush.

"I don't believe there's another man in the world to be compared with him for everything that is good and clever.

"But there's no harm in my liking a handsome and an agreeable man when I meet with one, and that don't happen every day, especially at Willowbank. I hope Mr. Lyne will stay."

On his part, Mr. Clifford Lyne was thinking, as he sauntered up and down the piazza with his cigar—

"She's the prettiest, most piquant little piece of village beauty that I have met with in a long while—coquettish, too, I suspect."

He was right.

Hetty was by nature a bit of a coquette—a light-hearted, sunshiny little maid, loving gaiety and fun; sarcastic sometimes, and careless and thoughtless upon occasion, but at heart honest and true as John Sherrard himself.

How that grave and steady young lawyer had come to choose her for his future wife Hetty declared that she could never understand; but she felt herself hugely flattered by the preference, and was very proud of John, though he had not the airy elegance and ease which she admired in Mrs. Hutchings' new boarder.

She felt a little afraid of him, too, he was "so particular," and not for the world would she have ventured to do what she knew he disapproved of.

"Do you row, Miss Watts?" inquired Mr. Lyne, after breakfast, on the morning following his arrival.

"No; I wish I could; it must be so delightful."

"Then let me teach you.

"Suppose we go down to the beach now, and take a first lesson?

"Come along, Dan'l—we shall need your services."

The lesson lasted two hours, and Hetty came back to the house sunburnt and radiant, declaring that rowing was just the most delightful thing in the world, and that she meant to practice it every day.

And so she did, until Mrs. Hutchings' boarders became accustomed to seeing the two figures, with Dan'l making a third, rowing, or sailing, or floating about the calm waters, not only every day, but twice a day—morning and evening.

Knowing nothing of Hetty's engagement, it was natural that they should predict to each other that "something would come of it."

Some there were who remarked that there was no necessity for Mr. Lyne and Hetty to stay on the water so late as they sometimes did, and then come sauntering slowly homeward in the twilight, with Dan'l a good way ahead, eager for his supper, which the others seemed never to have thought of.

Hetty herself admitted to her aunt the justness of this criticism, and declared it was all Mr. Lyne's fault, who never would hurry.

But she was getting along so splendidly in her rowing: and, oh, wouldn't John be surprised, when he paid them his promised visit, to see how cleverly she could manage a boat.

At Willowbank Mr. Lyne stayed over a week; and even after he had changed his

quarters to the hotel he would find some pretext for coming back on a visit every day or two.

Hetty had not the least objection to this. She was always ready to walk, ride, or row with him, and to turn off, lightly and laughingly, the little sentimental speeches and demonstrations in which the gentleman was beginning to indulge.

She was pleased to have him admire her—pleased with the thought of letting John Sherrard see that he was not the only man by whom she was appreciated.

She even thought to herself that she would venture to excite his jealousy a little, just to show him finally how she loved him.

Ah, if Hetty had been wise, she would have foreseen the danger of such a course.

But what young girl is ever wise in such matters?

And so it came to pass, when Mr. Clifford Lyne was prevented paying his usual visit to Hetty, he sent her a note instead, to which he requested an answer.

Then came more notes, and a lively correspondence ensued, very amusing to Hetty.

Mr. Lynne asked all sorts of questions, and insisted upon her answering them.

One of these questions, for instance, was: "Do you believe that a person can willingly give the hand to one while the heart is bestowed upon another?"

"Certainly not," thought Hetty promptly.

"How could I love John and marry—well, marry Mr. Lyne?"

But then the question presented itself in the reverse aspect.

Suppose Mr. Lyne had detected John in committing a forgery, for instance, and made her hand the condition of not exposing him?

Of course she would marry Mr. Lyne: but then wouldn't she go on loving John all the same?

And so she replied to the query with a great deal of feeling, adding some reflection upon the misery of being engaged to one, while the heart was given to another.

"I quite agree, Miss Hetty, in the sentiment of your note of yesterday," said Mr. Lyne, as the two sat together in a sheltered nook of the beach, watching the ripples at their feet.

"I know from experience the unhappiness of such a situation."

"Your own experience?" said Hetty impulsively.

"I didn't know you were engaged."

"Did you not?

"Well, I always shrank from mentioning it—to you!" looking soulfully into her eyes, and daintily smoothing his moustache.

"Why," she answered, "did you think I would break my heart about it?"

"I doubt whether you have any heart to break," he responded, with a half-vexed expression, as with his stick he deliberately crushed an inoffensive sand-crab.

"That is cruel!" exclaimed Hetty indignantly.

"Cruel?

"Don't you crush and wound me—I mean my feelings—every day, without a thought of pity or remorse?

"Oh, Hetty, I could almost wish that I had never seen you."

The girl colored deeply.

"You forget," she said haughtily, "what you have just told me—that you are engaged!"

"But not yet married," he said, with a shrewd smile; "and until I am, I claim to be free."

Hetty looked at him steadily.

She had always suspected him of being something of a coxcomb, but this had only served to amuse her.

Now, however, she detected in his nature what aroused in her a feeling of contempt.

Fancy John Sherrard making a speech such as that!

"Let us go," she said, rising.

But he seized her hand to detain her.

"Not yet, Hetty.

"I want to say something to you.

"Haven't you known all this while that I cared more for you than for any other woman in the world?"

"No," said Hetty bluntly.

"Nor do I wish to hear you say so."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because—I may as well tell you at once—because I am myself engaged."

She blushed in making this confession; but he only smiled—a sarcastic sort of smile.

"Do you think I have not known it all this while?"

"Let go my hand," she cried imperiously.

"Not yet—not until you forgive me if I have offended you.

"Surely you do care a little for me?" he added pleadingly.

Her face flushed hotly.

"Mr. Lyne, you must have strangely misunderstood me to dare to address me thus."

"There is no misunderstanding about it. You have said things and written things, which will bear but one construction—unless, indeed, you were merely flirting with me," he added maliciously.

"You know it is not so," she said hotly.

"You know I have never written a word to convey such a meaning."

"Do I?

"But what would others think, could they see those letters?

"Especially what you wrote yesterday about your unhappiness in having your hand engaged to one and your heart to another.

"What would Mr. John Sherrard think, for instance?"

Hetty turned pale with anger and affright.

Thoughtless, and innocent in all intent, this question had never before occurred to her.

But, thus suggested, it startled and shocked her.

"You would never dare to show those notes, and pretend to put such a construction upon them," she said defiantly, but with quivering voice.

"Not while you treat me kindly, and are my friend," he answered, gazing up into her eyes with another of his melting glances.

She turned away in disgust.

Looking at this man now, she felt that he was capable of any little spiteful meanness such as he had hinted at.

And oh, if John Sherrard should get hold of those letters—the letters in which she had been led to thoughtlessly express herself in a way that could be so easily misconstrued!

Hetty trembled at the thought.

"Mr. Lyne," she said, in a low voice, "will you give me my letters back again?"

"It would afford me much pleasure to oblige you, Miss Watts, but in this instance I fear it is out of my power to do so.

"I value your letters too highly to part with them. See, I always wear them next my heart."

He half drew from his breast-pocket a little packet, then dropped it back again.

"They are mine," said Hetty indignantly. "I have a right to demand them."

"I beg your pardon, but in my opinion a letter once directed and sent to a person belongs to the recipient alone.

"The writer has no claim to its possession."

"And you refuse to give them up?"

"It pains me to refuse you, unless—unless, in short, you are willing to make some return."

His look was so impertinent that Hetty, without a word, abruptly turned away and left him.

She walked on very fast for a few moments, then coming to a convenient little spot, where nobody could see her, she sat down and burst into tears.

"Miss Hetty!"

The girl started up at the sound, but, seeing the intruder, immediately sat down again.

It was only Dan'l, a freckled-faced, tow-headed urchin, with shrewd gray eyes, in which was generally a twinkle of fun and mischief.

Now, however, they blazed ominously.

"Miss Hetty, I heerd every word that mean cuss said to you.

"I couldnt help it, for you and him come and set down right in the cove next to where I was fishing.

"An' if I was big enough I'd punch that soft head-piece o' his'n so 'twouldn't feel sound ag'in in a month."

Hetty smiled through her tears.

She and Dan'l were good friends—he, in his thorough admiration for her, having constituted himself her knight-errant on any and every occasion in which his services could be of use.

"Indeed I wish you could, Dan'l," she said.

"An' I'm a-goin' to git them letters from him, some way or other—you see if I don't."

"Oh, Dan'l, if you could."

"You bet I'll find a way.

"He's a mean coward 'spite of all his fine airs, an' if I ain't big enough to give him a thrashing, I guess I'll find some other way to fix him.

"So don't you worry about it, Miss Hetty, but just wait and see."

Hetty felt infinitely soothed by this promise.

For though Dan'l was only a boy he had on more than one occasion developed a shrewdness and readiness in emergencies which had won her confidence and caused her to rely on him more than ever she had done on Mr. Lyne.

It was some days before Hetty again saw Mr. Lyne, though he walked every day on the beach past the house, with the evident intention of intercepting her in her rambles.

But one evening, after a mysterious interview with Dan'l at the back garden gate, Hetty ran in the house for her hat and parasol, and she and Dan'l strolled leisurely down the beach, just in time to meet Mr. Lyne, who, in a stylish new suit of marine blue, was looking more elegant than ever.

He had evidently expected some further tokens of displeasure on Hetty's part; for he seemed most agreeably surprised on being greeted by her as though nothing unpleasant had ever occurred between them.

They strolled on as usual down the beach, while Dan'l, carelessly whistling, leisurely followed some distance behind.

"Hadn't we better go home?" said Hetty at length, shading her eyes as she watched the red rim of the sun setting slowly behind the waters.

This was an invitation to him to accompany her to the farmhouse, and he was ready enough to avail himself of it.

"We'll go across the field," she said.

"It is nearer than the beach."

"But," said Mr. Lyne, glancing furtively at some cattle grazing among the lush grasses, "isn't it too marshy and wet?"

"Oh, no, the pathway is quite dry."

"You—you aren't afraid of those cows?" he suggested, with a faint smile.

"No, indeed!

"I've been through this field a dozen times, and they have never taken any notice of me."

But she did look a little doubtful, nevertheless, as a huge, black bull, lifting himself slowly from the grass, gazed steadfastly at the intruders.

"Mr. Lyne," said Hetty, coloring a little, "I asked you, the other day, for my letters. Will you give them back to me now?"

He looked at her with a disagreeable smile.

"You are very anxious to have them?"

"I do wish to have them."

"Why so?

"I have assured you that no human eye, save my own, shall behold them so long—as you are a good friend to me."

Hetty's lip involuntarily curled.

"This is no way of making me your friend," she said.

"And if you are a gentleman, you will give me those letters."

"What will you give for them?"

"How much money do you ask for them?" she demanded. He laughed.

"All the money in the world could not purchase them from me.

"I hold them at a higher price."

They were half across the field, and at this moment Dan'l briskly passed them.

"I know mother's waitin' for me," he remarked, as he hurried onward to the gate which opened from the field into the garden.

"What has he done with my shawl?" said Hetty, looking back.

"The rascal!

"He's dropped it beside the fence. Here, you Dan'l!"

But Dan'l was already inside the garden-palings and out of sight, if not out of hearing.

"I'll bring it in a moment," said Mr. Lyne, hastily turning back.

He picked up the red Shetland shawl, and with it gracefully draped over his arm, started back to his companion.

As he did so, a low, hoarse, sobbing sound greeted his startled ears, and looking across the field he beheld the black bull, with head down, slowly pawing and kicking up the earth.

"Oh, run, Mr. Lyne—run!" cried Hetty.

Lyne needed no urging.

At first breaking into a dignified double-quick, he soon changed it for a sharp run, as another roar from the bull broke on his alarmed ears.

Glancing backwards, he saw the animal advancing, with head down, pawing and tearing up the earth with his horns.

"Open the gate, Dan'l—open the gate!" he shouted.

For in his frantic speed, he perceived that that youth, having admitted Hetty into the garden, had slammed the gate and securely fastened it on the inside.

"Run, run, Mr. Lyne!

"He's coming!" shouted Dan'l, in reply, fairly dancing with alarm or some other excitement.

"Run, and jump over the fence-palings! I dursn't open the gate."

To jump over the five-foot palings, whose sharp pointed esplanade might have defied a storming party, was much beyond Mr. Lyne's athletic or acrobatic powers.

Seizing the gate, he shook it violently, while his face, white to the lips, was turned in the direction of the advancing enemy.

"Mr. Lyne," said Dan'l eagerly, "what'll you gi' me for opening the gate, and exposing me and Miss Hetty's precious lives to destruction?"

"Anything!

"But be quick, Dan'l, or I shall be torn to pieces!"

"Will you gi' me that 'ere little packet o' letters in your coat breast-pocket—Miss Hetty's letters?"

Lyne hesitated, and even in the midst of his fright found time to cast a quick, resentful glance of suspicion at Hetty.

What he saw in her expression, at that moment, brought the blood partially back to his pallid face, and he answered furiously—

"Open the gate this instant, you young villain! If you don't, I'll——"

"Hurrah! he's coming.

"Run, Miss Hetty—run! He's a-going to charge!"

"Dan'l, for Heaven's sake——"

"Gi' me the letters, and I'll let you in."

Lyne tore the packet from his breast and hurled it over the fence.

Dan'l sprang to pick it up, handed it to Hetty, and instantly opened the gate.

Lyne, white and trembling, leaned against a tree and wiped from his forehead the clammy dew.

Hetty's eyes were sparkling with triumph and suppressed laughter.

"I am very much obliged to you for my letters, Mr. Lyne," she said, with a low curtsey.

"I only regret that you should have been forced into such violent exercise. You see, you should have thrown away that red shawl, instead of keeping it on your arm."

"Didn't make no difference, arter all," said Dan'l, with a grin.

"Old Buncomb always bellars and tears 'round at sight of a red rag; but he's afeared as death to come a-nigh it, and you couldn't a' got him to touch you if you'd tried."

On the very next day John Sherrard arrived, and Hetty, following aunt Mary's advice, told him all about the affair of the letters, and gave them to him to read.

John looked grave at first, but then he forgave her, and even laughed at her account of Mr. Lyne's race with old Buncomb.

Next day he went over to the hotel, to inquire for Mr. Lyne, but that gentleman had left.

STRANGE SENTENCE.—One of the most singular sentences ever imposed was by Judge Krekel, of the United States District Court of Missouri, recently. An illiterate prisoner was sentenced to jail until he could read and write, and another was sentenced till he could teach the former the art. In a little over three weeks the prisoner appeared, able to write a fair letter at dictation, and both men were discharged.

Brightest and Best.

BY PERCY VERE.

ONLY three days now to Christmas," said Jones, joyfully; to merry Christmas.

"Ah, it seems as if I could scarcely wait."

The "click-click" of the machines was keeping up a noise like the descent of a gigantic hail-storm along the narrow looms of the factory, the steam-belts that supplied the motive power were whirling swiftly, and the workers, ranged in a row, sat guiding the long strips of cloth under the glittering needles.

Outside, the December sky was already darkening for the storm-clouded sunset, and the pines and cedars that fringed the mountain side, were tossing their arms wildly in the wind.

Ruth Harper's machine was next to that of Mary Jones.

"Merry Christmas—is it, then, so merry to you?" she repeated, with a slight smile.

"Oh, I forget.

"You have a home."

"Yes," nodded Mary.

"All our people are coming back to the old homestead to spend Christmas.

"We are to have a tree, just as if we were little children, and grandpa is to hang a present for each one on its branches.

"And we're to have a ride over the hills, and a dance.

"Oh, it will be such fun.

"But Ruth, why don't you go home for Christmas?" she questioned, eagerly.

"I have no home," said Ruth, shrugging her shoulders, "except at Mrs. Liffert's."

"Christmas at a boarding-house," said Mary, with arched eyebrows.

"Oh, that can't be pleasant at all."

Just then the foreman came striding past.

"We're going to turn off steam directly," said he.

"It don't fairly pay to light up the place at night, and our hands like to get home afore dark."

Which was natural enough, for Benfield Mountain was a wild and desolate place in these chill winter twilights, and some of the girls lived several miles away.

And presently the sixty or seventy hands are dispersing in all directions, some laughing and pelting each other with snowballs.

Some striving against the keen northwest wind.

Some clustered in little knots—others all alone.

Amongst these last was Ruth Harper, and as she descended the steep mountain path, where the monster pines rustled mysteriously in the wind, she repeated to herself—

"Merry Christmas!

"It is 'merry' to every one but me.

"Why should I be shut out from the general rejoicing of the world?

"And I will not be!

"I'll make a merry Christmas for myself.

"I'll go to old Mrs. Cappel's, the loneliest and most forsaken creature, except myself, that I know of, and we'll spend our Christmas together.

"Perhaps some human kindness and companionship may cheer her up a little.

"I am quite sure that it will do me good and keep me from turning into a mere lump of selfishness."

Ruth Harper went home and counted up her slender stock of money—not very much, we may be sure—and in her own mind she apportioned it to various kindly uses.

She had been alone all her life, this dark-eyed factory girl.

Her earliest associations had been the high, bleak walls and blue-checked uniform of an orphan asylum.

From the very beginning, life had been a struggle with her.

There was one time—when she kept the district school at the foot of the mountains, before the factory wheels had begun to buzz and the spirit of commercial enterprise had entered into their lonesome glens—when she had fancied that John Cappel, the handsome, restless grandson of this very friendless old dame with whom she proposed to spend her solitary Christmas, cared a little for her.

And then life seemed to assume a more rosate hue, and all the world was different for awhile.

But John Cappel went away and never told her that he loved her.

He was coming back when he had made his fortune, he said, with that sanguine airiness which belongs to one and twenty.

But he had never come, and Ruth Harper had put all that part of her life away into the dark chambers of the past, trying to think of it as seldom as possible.

"What is the use?" she said to herself sadly.

She went to the village the next day, after work hours, and bought her little five-pound turkey, and peck of red apples, and quart of glossy cranberries.

And she stood before the baker's window for some time, thoughtfully considering which of the Christmas cakes she should buy, finally deciding on one frosted over with sugar lilies and struck with scarlet berries.

"Dollar and a quarter is a good deal to pay for a cake," she pondered.

"But, then, Christmas comes but once a year, and grandmother Cappel used to be fond of cake."

Mrs. Liffert, the boarding-house keeper, was there, pinching bony turkeys under the wings, pricing forlorn looking geese, bargaining for damaged apples, and wrangling over shrivelled bunches of celery.

She looked keenly at Miss Harper.

"Eh?" said she.

"'Fraid I won't give ye enough to eat?

"Buying fruit and cakes for yourself?"

"No," said Ruth quietly.

"I am going to spend Christmas with a friend."

"We don't make deduction for a single day off," said Mrs. Liffert sharply.

"Neither do I expect it of you," said Ruth biting her lip.

And the boarding-house keeper went chuckling on her way.

Old Mrs. Cappel sat, all alone, in the dreary little cabin, perched high up on the mountain-side.

The wind was from the east—a quarter that never agreed with her rheumatism—and the fire smouldered, and her oatmeal-porridge had been scorched by the widow Perkins, who came in, by fits and starts, to "do" for her.

"It ain't no use," said Mrs. Cappel.

"It ain't decently comfortable, living this way.

"And Betsey Perkins has forgot to bring in the wood.

"The teapot is put up on the high shelf, where I can't reach it: and—bless me! who's that a-tappin' at the door?

"Come in, whoever you be! Why, if it ain't Ruth Harper!"

"Yes," said Ruth brightly, as she came in and set down her multifarious baskets, packages and parcels.

"I'm Santa Claus, Mrs. Cappel.

"I've come to spend Christmas with you.

"We are both alone in the world—widow and old maid.

"Do you think that we can do better than to eat our Christmas turkey together?"

"I'm mortal glad to see ye," said the old woman.

"And that's a fine fat bird, if it ain't so extra large.

"Cranberries, too, and a loaf o' company cake!

"I declare to goodness I don't know when I've tasted cake before!

"And I smell real gunpowder tea; and as I live, there's a paper o' white loaf sugar!

"But p'raps, my dear, if you put a log on the fire, I shouldn't feel quite so chill and creepy along my poor old bones!"

And Ruth Harper built up the fire, brushed the hearth, and went out into the woods for branches of cedar, and spruce, and hemlock, which she disposed over the shrunken doorways, and above the mantel, and around the window-casings, until the dreary little room looked like a forest bower in a transformation scene.

She put on the little saucepan of cranberries to stew, and busied herself in preparing the turkey, with plenty of thyme and bread-crumb stuffing, for the oven, while old Mrs. Cappel kept up a ceaseless stream of talk.

How badly the world in general had used her.

How careless the widow Perkins was of her wants, although the town allowed her one dollar and a quarter a month for "keeping an eye" on the solitary inhabitant of the mountain cottage.

How her nephew, Isaac, to whom she had caused the widow Perkins to write, volunteering a Christmas visit, had speedily sent back word that every room in the house was occupied, and that her visit would be highly inopportune.

How Bill Risley's wife, her cousin once removed, had taken no sort of notice of the letter which had been despatched to her, asking for something to buy a new winter shawl.

"Nobody cares nothing about me no more," said Mrs. Cappel very sorrowfully.

"But I care," said Ruth softly.

Here, indeed, was some one more forlorn and more solitary than herself—some one for whom she, powerless as she was, could help to make a merry Christmas.

"It is as easy to me to go back and forth to the factory from here as from Mrs. Liffert's.

"I will come and stay with you, Mrs. Cappel.

"I have a very nice grey shawl which I do not often wear.

"I can do very well with my fur-edged sacque, if you will take the shawl.

"And you don't know what a good cook I can be.

"May I come, Mrs. Cappel?"

"My dear," said the old woman, with tears in her pleased eyes—

"I do believe that Heaven has sent you to me.

"I was just beginnin' to despair, but now it's all right again."

Christmas came, all wrapped and mantled in pearly snow, and Mrs. Cappel's lonely cabin was glowing with firelight and warmth, while she herself, in a clean cap trimmed with black ribbons, sat basking before the blazing logs, and Ruth Harper, with a bunch of scarlet berries pinned into her black hair, was dishing up the Christmas dinner, when she glanced out of the window and gave a little start.

"Some one is coming!" she said very quickly.

Mrs. Cappel stretched her neck to see.

"Well, I declare," said she.

"Why old eyes isn't as good as they used to be, and the sun on the snow makes a dreadful glare, but I believe that's our John.

"He's come back.

"He's made his fortune.

"Our John, my son Martin's only boy, as we all s'posed was dead and buried long ago."

She began to tremble all over.

Her eyes filled with tears.

"Don't leave me, dear Ruth," she faltered.

"Keep hold of my hand.

"For I'm very old, and all this seems like a dream."

In another minute John Cappel dashed into the room, his heavy boots sodden with melting snow, his brown, bearded face flushed with the exercise of climbing the mountain-side.

"Don't be frightened, granny," said he, cheerily; "it's only me.

"And I've fancied how this bright fireside would look all the way up the mountain.

"Why," glancing around him, "this is Christmas cheer, indeed

"And here is Ruth Harper with you, looking exactly as she looked ten years ago."

"Have you made your fortune?" said Ruth, trying to smile as he wrung her hand.

"Not a bit of it," said John, with a great breezy laugh.

"But I've come into a little learning of common sense.

"I decided to leave off mining and to come home to work granny Cappel's farm among the mountain pastures.

"How say you, Ruth—is it wise or not?"

"Very wise," said Ruth.

"Only is it not rather late to arrive at such a conclusion?"

"Is it?" said Cappel wistfully.

"Is it too late to start the world anew? Too late to ask you, Ruth, if you will stand shoulder to shoulder with me in my battle with fate?

"Look into my eyes, Ruth, and answer me."

"Dinner is ready," said the factory girl shyly.

"But you must give me my reply first," insisted Cappel relentlessly, holding both her hands in his.

"What shall I tell him, grandma?" said Ruth, laughing and coloring, yet making no attempt to withdraw her hand.

"Tell him yes," said Mrs. Cappel.

And what could Ruth do but obey this double behest?

Ruth Harper did not go back to the factory.

She was homeless no longer.

They built an addition to the little cottage and began life as farmer and farmer's wife.

And all things prospered with them: and in ten years John Cappel was a rich man.

"It was all my good luck getting such a wife," said he exultantly.

"It was all our good luck in becoming engaged on Christmas Day," said Ruth.

And of all the holidays that stud the year, as diamonds flash along the golden band of a bracelet, Christmas Day is with the Cappel family the brightest and the best.

Pearl Wyley.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

LISTEN, Alice!

"Who ever heard anything so beautiful and yet so weird?

"Who in this place can play the piano like that?"

"Have you been here two days, and have not seen her yet?

"It is Eva and Effie's governess; and just think, Paul, she is only eighteen—a whole year younger than I am—and has to teach for a living!

"And yet I almost envy her, for she has the loveliest face in Aylmer's Rest."

"Come in, dear sis, and introduce me.

"You have aroused a great curiosity to see this paragon of loveliness."

"Oh, Paul, I dare not!"—and there is genuine dismay in her tones.

"Mamma would indeed be very angry."

He only laughs, and slipping her arm through his, fairly draws her into the room.

"Miss Wylie, my brother, Paul Everson."

Pearl looks up from her suddenly-aroused day-dreams to encounter a pair of the blackest eyes she has ever seen; but her confusion is only momentary, and rising, with a half haughty grace, she bows ever so slightly, entirely ignoring the outstretched hand.

Only a few commonplace remarks pass between them, when Pearl finds some trivial excuse for taking herself and her young charges from the room.

Paul's eyes follow her with a strange light in their dark depths.

"The poor child!

"So young, so lovely, and so lonely!"

The tone is exquisitely tender, and strikes Alice as something more that pitiful.

"Oh, Paul, don't flirt with her!" she says, half-pleadingly.

"Mamma would dismiss her instantly from the house!"

"Flirt!"

There is an angry flash in the eyes now.

"Who talks of flirting with her?"

As the days pass on he meets her often, but only by stratagem, for Pearl is shy as a fawn, and flits away from him like a will-o'-the-wisp.

His "shy little darling," he calls her to himself, and the light shines still brighter in his handsome eyes.

One day he comes across her, seated on a rock looking seaward, her young charges playing at her feet.

What a beautiful picture she makes! The wind tosses her golden hair back and forth, now hiding, now revealing the shapely swan-like neck.

It blows her flimsy white dress against the rock like beating wings.

There is a sadness upon her face that he has never seen there before, and a suspicious sparkle upon her long, drooping lashes.

"Pearl, darling!"

A startled crimson face is turned towards him for an instant, and then this time Pearl does not escape him.

As well strive to loose the shell-pink hands from a grasp of iron.

Then follows a passionate avowal of love, ringing clear and strong above the roar of the incoming tide.

Pearl is so taken aback by his vehemence that she forgets he is waiting for an answer.

"Pearl, darling, will you be my wife?"

Again her face is turned towards him, but the sudden light that has so transformed it changes to a look of intense pain, and the tones are almost harsh.

"Sir, you are forgetting yourself; release my hands instantly."

"Oh, there comes mamma!" chime in Eva and Effie.

"Surely you are not afraid of her, Pearl?

"Let me claim you before her and the world.

"She is proud, I know, but——"

"Yes, she is proud," repeats Mrs. Everson—

"To proud to countenance such a terrible mesalliance as this.

"Paul, your father shall hear of your conduct: and as for you——"

She gets no further, for Pearl, as cool and as haughty as she, rises and confronts the angry woman.

"You may spare your words, madam, as they are entirely unnecessary.

"I have not accepted your son's love, neither do I intend to.

"Of course, this is all very unpleasant, and to prevent its recurrence, I shall leave Aylmer's Rest to-morrow."

And before Paul can frame a word of remonstrance, she has fairly flown towards the house.

How she has managed it Paul never knows, but Pearl Wylie is gone before breakfast the next morning, and no word of farewell has passed between them.

* * * * * *

"Alice, if you could only get Miss Atherton's work to do it would pay so much better, and Paul needs so many things now the fever has left him so weak."

And Mrs. Everson's pale, worn face looks up from the tea-tray upon which she has been toiling since early daylight.

"I will try," is the weary answer.

"There is no use in trying to hide our poverty any longer, I suppose."

It is an elegant brown stone front before which Alice Everson stands shivering on that cold wintry morning.

She is ushered by a pompous footman up the velvet-carpeted stairs into an elegant little boudoir, and there, in an exquisite morning robe of white cashmere and satin, stand—Pearl Wylie.

Alice falls back a step in dismay; but Pearl, with a cry of joy, fairly flies across the big room, and clasps her around the neck.

"Oh, I thought I never should find you!

"And to think you have come to me!"

"But I didn't know——" falters Alice.

"The name?" interrupted Pearl.

"Oh, that was changed by the wealthy aunt who adopted me, and made me her heiress.

"And now I am going home with you; I do so want to see my two little girls!"

* * * * * *

"Mamma, I have brought someone to see you,"

And at the sound of Pearl's low, musical voice in reply, the man in the next room, who has scarcely yet lifted his own hand, springs up and sits upright on his couch.

"My darling, come back to me at last!" he murmurs, and falls back, half-fainting, upon the pillows.

What a vision of loveliness sits by his bedside when he drifts slowly back to consciousness!

It is only after she goes away that he learns of the great gulf between them.

Then he turns his face to the wall with a kind of dumb despair, and the knowledge retards his recovery for weeks.

The choicest flowers, the most tempting fruits, in the daintiest of baskets, find their way to his room, and more than once the donor relieves Alice and her mother from their long-continued watch.

In his feverish murmurings Pearl learns what is passing in his mind, and the knowledge gives her both joy and pain.

She is sitting by him, late one afternoon and as the wintry twilight falls upon his face a great yearning throb stirs her gentle little heart, and bending over him, she softly touches her lips to the broad white brow.

"Oh, Paul, my darling, my king!"

The tender words are scarcely breathed; but his eyes open suddenly, and there is only infinite pain in their burning depths.

"Yes, it might have been, but now——"

"There is no gulf that love cannot bridge over," says Pearl, softly.

"Oh, Paul, live for my sake for I love you, oh, I love you!"

And no lovelier mistress ever reigned at Aylmer's Rest than Pearl Everson, who has bought back the family estate and presented it to her husband.

There they now live, and Pearl watches with infinite care and tenderness over the remaining days of the white-haired woman who once turned her from her doors.

Bric-a-Brac.

A MODERN DIOGENES.—R. D. Tutts, of Portland, Ore., like Diogenes, lives in a tub, only on a grander scale that did the old philosopher. It is oblong, being ten feet long, six wide and four feet deep. This habitation has a tin-covered roof, and the space between the top of the staves and the ceiling serves the double purpose of ventilation and light. A carpet is on the floor; pictures on the walls, two chairs and a bed, swinging hammock fashion, occupying prominent positions. No woman is allowed around that tub. Tutts is a bachelor and takes his meals out.

DRAMATIC SERMONS.—A man in Saco, Me., recently bought a box of second-hand theological books and 200 manuscript sermons which had belonged to a Baptist minister. A curious feature about the sermons is that they have numerous stage directions, of which a few samples are given: "Deliver this passage in solemn tones;" "sorrowful smile after the word 'never';" "pause long enough to count twenty-five after this passage;" "close Bible with violent slam after this passage;" "contemplate ceiling in attitude of adoration at this point;" "sarcastic wave of hand;" "rapid gesture."

A SYMPATHETIC MULE.—Mules are not generally believed to possess many of the "finer feelings." But a western paper introduces us to an exception to the rule. One of a team of mules in Arizona during a violent fit of kicking accidently broke his mate's shoulder-blade. The injured animal had to be killed next day. The survivor was grief-stricken, and would not be comforted. He broke loose from his fastenings and went off in search of his dead mate. Failing to find it, he made for a river, which was several miles distant, walked into the stream, then deliberately threw himself on his side and drowned himself.

THE BEADLE'S FALL.—The pride of office, which has always been particularly associated with the English parish beadle, has experienced a sad fall in the case of that functionary at St. George's, in the Borough. Many generations of small boys have, no doubt, trembled before the majesty of the law as embodied in the beadle's staff; but whether it is that small boys do not now attend church so regularly as heretofore, or that they have become provokingly well-behaved, the parish beadle at St. George's has lately been finding his occupation gone. Under these circumstances he bethought himself of the pew-openers, and for some time past he has made a regular weekly exercise of belaboring them while they were engaged in cleaning the church. The long-suffering widows have hitherto made no complaints, for (said they) "it would be of no use, as he is the beadle." But one of them has turned at last, and the beadle now finds himself sentenced, like any unofficial culprit, to two months' hard labor.

A MAN A BRICK.—The origin of the phrase "every man a brick" is found in Plutarch, who, in his "Life of Agesilaus, King of Sparta," relates the following story: "On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus on a diplomatic mission was shown by the king over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame, knew that, though only nominally King of Sparta, he was yet ruler of Greece, and he had looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defence of the town, but he found nothing of the kind. He marvelled much at this, and spoke of it to the king. 'Sir,' he said, 'I have visited most of the principal towers, and I find no walls reared for defence. Why is this?' 'Indeed, Sir Ambassador,' replied Agesilaus, 'thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning and I will show you the walls of Sparta.' Accordingly on the following morning the king led his guest out upon the plains where his army was drawn up in full battle array, and, pointing proudly to the serried host, he said: 'There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—ten thousand men, and every man a brick!'"

QUEER NAMES.—A clerk in the Sub-Treasury has made it a practice for many years to keep a record of the odd names on drafts passing through his hands. He has got together a thousand curious names. They are of all nationalities, and were it not beyond question that they are or have been borne by living persons, it might well be believed that they were purely fictitious. There is, for instance, a great variety of familiar things represented by Winter Green, Josiah Calico, H. Sudds, H. S. Stocking, Pitser Coop, N. Vineyard, Andrew Wind, E. Coward, J. C. Spray, L. Coldwater, J. S. Oyster, Little B. House, Nicholas Million, J. Smallwood, A. Littlewood, Kittenhouse, Wodenouse, Hobbhouse, Smallhouse, Stackhouse, Henry Stiff, J. H. Birdwhistle, Wiley Measles. Names as unfamiliar as the foregoing are familiar were those of August Sassmannshausen, William Slaughterback, W. Krzyanowski, Zaphnatpaneah Wallis, Przybyflowicz and Fritsche, George Humrickhouse, A. M. Pouncestone, Solomon Matchopatah, Alonzo Goodpasture, Masculine Forecre, Sarah Mumblehead, G. Blerbranersi, Wm. Hammerschleg, and Robert A. Wahshakakhkamick.

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SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 13, 1883.

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SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Without unremitting labor, success in life, whatever our occupation, is impossible. A fortune is not made without toil, and money unearned comes to few. The habitual loiterer never brings anything to pass. The young men whom you see lounging about waiting for the weather to change before they go to work, break down before they begin—get stuck before they start. Ability and willingness to labor are the two great conditions of success. It is useless to work an electric machine in a vacuum; but the air may be full of electricity, and still you can draw no spark until you turn the machine. The beautiful statue may exist in the artist's brain, and it may also be said in a certain sense to exist in the marble block that stands before him, but he must bring both his brain and his hands to bear upon the marble, and work hard and long, in order to produce any practical result.

Success also depends in a good measure upon the man's promptness to take advantage of the rise of the tide. A great deal of what we call luck is nothing more or less than this: It is the man who keeps his eyes open, and his hands out of his pockets, that succeeds. "I missed my chance!" exclaims the disappointed man, when he sees another catch eagerly at the opportunity. But something more than alertness is needed; we must know how to avail ourselves of the emergency. An elastic temperament, which never seems to recognize the fact of defeat, or forgets it at once and begins the work over again, is very likely to insure success.

But again—one of the practical subjects of life, upon which a more scientific habit of thought is destined to throw great light, is the selection of employment with reference to the special fitness of the individual. At present the selection is generally made from a confused mixture of circumstances, chances, ambitions and whims. Some people drift into their occupations with the current of events that happens to flow in that direction at that particular time; some eagerly grasp what they think a lucky chance, some follow the dictates of parental ambition; some choose what promises an easy time, or speedy gains. Some there are, undoubtedly, who stop to consider what they can do best; but even of these how few there are who come to any correct decision upon intelligent and substantial grounds!

The chief element that enters into their thoughts is their preference for a pursuit. This is often difficult to discover, and may prove a mere fancy, or a desire for some supposed advantage to be secured, rather than any sure token of talent or ability. There is one test of fitness which might be applied in this matter with benefit. It is the quality of our memory, or rather the special direction in which it excels.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE *Sanitary Engineer* urges parents who send their children to boarding schools to make searching inquiries into the character of the drainage and ventilation of such institutions before concluding to put their children in them.

—

A SOCIETY has been formed in England, with Mr. Ruskin for president, which proposes to educate school children in art. Pictures are to be placed in the art-rooms and classes are to be given "oral instruction" in the National Gallery and elsewhere, so that "loveliness, like a breeze," may pass into children's souls.

—

AN exchange credits "one of the most notorious robbers that ever lived" with the assertion that "the only failures he ever made in his business of housebreaking were owing to the presence of house dogs, which were sure to alarm the family by their noise, and were so active in their movements that they could not be suppressed."

—

AN ingenious Parisian has suggested a speedy method of getting rid of horseflesh that has not value as food. The introduction of rats into the pound where dead horses lie is found to result in the cleanest picking of bones in the shortest possible space of time. As the flesh of a horse is the least valuable part of his carcass, this plan is largely resorted to, although advocates of horseflesh as desirable food find in the enjoyment of the rats a strong argument in favor of its wholesome properties. A dead horse, in these days of ingenuity, is often considerably more valuable than it ever was while living, which may be one reason why the unfortunate creature whose privilege it is to pull horse-cars are not taken better care of. The price they fetch when dead will more than replace them.

—

A PETITION has been presented to the Minister of Instruction in Russia, asking for the restoration of corporal punishment in the schools of that country. This looks like retrogression until it is explained that, while corporal punishment is forbidden, school-boys are confined for twenty-four hours on a bread-and-water diet and subjected to other like severe and degrading forms of punishment.

—

THE power of music's charms has been exemplified afresh in Paris, where, according to recent French papers, a well-known society man and an eminent pianist had a difficulty, which their friends thought would result in a duel; but the other went to hear the pianist play, was overcome by his talent, and when they met they "fell upon each other's necks," and became the best of friends.

—

CONDUCTOR HARRIS, of Boston, is trying to raise a fund of $18,000, to be placed in the hands of trustees for the construction and equipment of a mission car, to be used in evangelistic work among railroad men. The car is to be constructed after plans and models suggested by practical railroad men, and be so arranged as to furnish a room for meetings, and be supplied with cooking and sleeping apartments for those engaged in the work.

—

THE National Longevity Society is dead. It was organized for the mutual physical benefit of its members, medical attendance to be furnished gratis, and hygienic rules to be strictly followed. Some men in Erie were its fathers; but, notwithstanding this, the Erie Court has revoked its charter. The Judge, betraying a reprehensible willingness for people to die when their time comes, says that the plans are too vague and indefinite, and that with rights given under the charter unscrupulous persons might, in the future, perpetrate a national fraud.

—

IT is said that American girls who go abroad to study at German pensions are always subjected by their schoolmates there to a catechism in regard to their position in America. If their father is only a "kaufmann"—that is, a merchant who stands behind his counter and sells goods, the daughter belongs to the second class in society; but if he is a "gross kaufmann"—a wholesale merchant—then she is received into the upper stratum of German society, and can associate with the impecunious countesses and baronesses with which that society abounds.

—

ACCORDING to figures furnished to the American Bar Association Convention, in 1856 there were 23,939 lawyers in this country; in 1870, 40,876; in 1880, 64,187. The number of lawyers in the States at the close of the revolution was from 300 to 700. Only 136 attorneys had been admitted in New York by royal license prior to the revolution, and many of these were dead when hostilities broke out. In 1880 there were 75 female and 64,062 male lawyers; 64 of the 75 female lawyers were under 50 years of age, and 11 were sixty and upward. Today there are 70,000 lawyers in the country. In another half century there will probably be 800,000.

—

THE tendency which the mind indulges in early life, it inclines to follow in advancing years. Our first impressions take the deepest root, and seem almost to become incorporated with our nature. Hence it is that every individual is so set in his first opinions. Our early impressions would prevail with us through life if our opinions could not be altered. But the mind can be affected and the understanding influenced; therefore our first opinion of things can be changed and eradicated. The most powerful way, perhaps, to effect a change is by the influence of example. The school-boy that is fond of mischief, while at school, generally commits more or less crimes during his lifetime, unless induced by good examples to mend his ways. Thus we see the great importance of forming such habits only as will render us happy in life, and guide us smoothly through that short space of time which is allotted to man.

—

To be a correct speaker, as well as a good shot, the sportsman in England must undergo a certain line of etymological culture, it seems. The London *Globe*, on this point, says: "The shooting man has even more need to take care how he talks. What will be thought of him if he speaks of a 'brace' of rabbits or a 'couple' of hares; of a 'pack' of partridges or a 'covey' of grouse? To be a complete sportsman he should know that a nest of pheasants and its contents are called a nye or nide. He should be able to give to all collections of wild birds their proper definition, as a 'congregation' of plovers, a 'nidification' of rooks, a 'herd' of wild swans, a 'murmuration' of jackdaws, a 'gaggle' of wild geese."

—

REGARDING the value of birds to the farmer, Professor Stearns, in a paper read before the Connecticut State Board of Agriculture, states that a young robin in the nest requires a daily supply of food more than equivalent to its own weight. The swallows are the natural enemy of the midget and similar smaller insects that prey on grain. It is estimated that the nestling of a single pair of swallows will in three weeks consume half a million of insects. The king bird is strictly insectivorous, and a great protector. The wrens would be induced to remain near houses if suitable boxes were provided, and they war without ceasing upon caterpillars.

—

SIR EDWARD REED, M. P., owns no less than 2,000,000 acres in America; the Duke of Sutherland, 400,000; Lord Dunmore, 100,000, and Lord Dunraven, 60,000 acres. Messrs. Phillips, Marshall & Co. own a farm of 1,300,000 acres; the heirs of Col. Murphy 1,100,000 acres; H. Diston 12,000,000 acres, and the Standard Oil Company 1,000,000 acres. It appears that nine men own a territory equal to that of New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island combined. Then there are the great railroad corporations, whose free gifts of land from lavish Congresses amount to upward of 200,000,000 acres. Eleven of these corporations have received 120,000,000 acres. The Northern Pacific road had grants amounting to 47,000,000 acres, and other grants made ranged from 1,000,000 acres upward.

—

VERY many ladies have a habit while traveling of gathering leaves, sprays, or single blossoms, small reminiscences of pleasant journeys, etc., and pressing them in a sketch book or small portfolio, previous to their being taken home and prettily arranged in the long winter evenings, when they awaken pleasant or sad remembrances, as the case may be, of days long past. The dried flowers, leaves, grasses, mosses, etc., should be arranged on pieces of card-boards cut the same size, either in different groups of flowers, or like a graceful frame around a small sketch, with a quotation from a favorite poet below, in this case the single flowers must be gummed on with a thick, liquid gum, which, of course, requires great care. If kept in a case on purpose, the collection will soon form a pretty album.

—

"SINGLE ladies," said the captain of an ocean steamer, "often cross the water under the special care of the captain of the ship. A very fascinating young lady was placed under my care, and three young gentlemen fell desperately in love with her. They were all equally agreeable, and the young lady was puzzled which to encourage. She finally asked my advice in the matter. 'Come on deck,' said I, 'the first day that it is perfectly calm—the young gentlemen will, of course, all be near you. I will have a boat quietly lowered down; then do you jump overboard, and see which of the gentlemen will be the first to jump after you. I will see that you are taken care of.'" A calm day soon came, the captain's suggestions were followed, and two of the lovers jumped after the lady at the same instant. Between these two the young lady could not decide. "Take the man that didn't jump. He's the most sensible fellow, and will make the best husband."

IF.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battlefield and glory;
If writ in human hearts, a name
Seems better than a song and story;
If men, instead of nursing Pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;
If more relied on Love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If Love's work had more willing hands
To link this world to the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human souls would pour it;
If "yours" and "mine" would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of Life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If Bigotry would sheath its knife
Till good became more universal;
If Custom, gray with ages grown,
And fewer blind men to adore it;
If Talent shone for Truth alone;
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together and restore it;
If Right made Might in every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

Cinderella.

BY HENRY FRITH.

REVELWOOD JUNCTION was an out-of-the-way place some distance inland. The station boasted but one waiting-room, the dingy aspect of which was partially concealed by the dust thickly encrusted on the small window-panes.

The wooden benches were innocent of backs or cushions, and the floor looked as if it had never been scoured.

A child dressed in shabby black garments its sole occupant.

She was seated behind the door, intently reading, with a good-sized carpet-bag beside her.

The brim of her black straw hat almost touched her book, in which she was too deeply interested to heed the trains which passed noisily outside, or even one which stopped, and from which several passengers alighted.

There was considerable bustle as the porters deposited the luggage on the platform, while from one of the carriages a pale fair-haired youth was assisted to descend.

It was a work of pain and difficulty, although he was almost carried by his companion, a tall man in a gray travelling suit, whose resolute features wore an expression of anxious solicitude as he assisted the invalid into the waiting-room.

Then the porter entered with rugs and shawls, which were spread upon the hard bench for the youth to recline upon.

"There—now you are more comfortable," said the man in the gray suit, when this was accomplished.

"We shall have to wait here some hours—I wish you had allowed me to telegraph for a special.

"You can have a special every day if you like, dear old boy—you haven't realised your position yet, nor what an important member of society you have become."

"Hardly yet," was the reply to the half-jesting words.

"When is the next train?"

"At eight.

"You'll be awfully tired, old fellow; you had no business to travel to-day, and I was a fool to let you do it."

"Nonsense, Bertie; you know I would come."

"I wish we had something higher for you to rest against."

As he spoke, he looked hopelessly round the room, and spied the little figure behind the door.

Her soft, dark eyes were watching him. As soon as he stopped speaking, she advanced shyly.

"If you don't mind having it," she said, in a timid hesitating tone, "I think my bag would make a nice pillow."

"Thanks—just the thing!" he said, springing up.

"Do you stay here long?"

"My train comes in a few minutes before eight," she answered.

"I am much obliged to you," said the invalid, as the little maiden stood near, anxiously regarding him.

She glanced shyly from under her dark lashes, smiled, and then returned quietly to her seat.

"I say, Lyon, shall you mind if I go away for a short time?"

"Not at all."

"I want to find something for you—for us, I mean, to eat.

"You are sure you won't mind?"

"No, certainly not; I shall manage all right."

"Well, I sha'n't be long—good-bye for the present."

He had been gone about ten minutes, when the girl, looking up, saw the young man endeavoring to reach a paper on the table.

Running across, she placed it in his hand, and took up a position close by.

"Thank you.

"It is a shame to disturb you when you are so interested in that pretty book.

"May I ask what it is?"

"It is the story of Cinderella. Have you read it?"

"Yes, a long time ago. I am afraid I have forgotten it now."

"I could never forget it.

"But perhaps you have many books, and can read when you like.

"I have lessons to do; I can read very seldom"—looking up wistfully.

"You are small to study so hard," he remarked.

"I am past fourteen," answered the little lady gravely.

"Fourteen! You are a little thing for fourteen!

"I thought you were about twelve," said the young man, surprised.

She did not look over-pleased, so he discreetly changed the subject.

"When I enter Parliament, I shall make a law that little girls shall do lessons only when they like."

"I wish you were in Parliament now"—with a sigh.

"So do I, by George!" he muttered disconsolately, adding, "Should you like to be that personage—Cinderella?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered, laughing gaily. "How nice it would be to have a fairy godmother, and go to a real ball, and dance with a prince!

"But I don't know any princes"—shaking her head—"so it could never happen."

"We don't know that.

"Didn't Cinderella have rather hard lines before the godmother arrived?"

"Yes, she was very unhappy."

"Then you are Cinderella now; I shall call you so.

"We must have a name to call each other by, you know. Can you guess mine?"

"I think so," she answered.

"It is Mr. Lyon."

"Exactly—it is Mr. Lyon," he said, laughing.

"Well, Mr. Lyon, how are you?" cried a voice in the doorway.

"Bertie! Back so soon?"

"I don't know what you call soon," returned the other, putting a bottle of wine on the table.

"I have been away more than an hour. Not a shop could I find, and I positively came to the conclusion that the inhabitants subsisted on grass and gravel. Three hours more!

"How shall we get through them?" he added, hiding a yawn.

"What do little girls do when they are dull, Cinderella?" asked Lyon.

"I don't know," she answered doubtfully.

"I think they tell each other stories."

"Suppose you tell us one," he suggested.

"If I tell you a story, will you tell me one in return?" she asked, appealing to Bertie.

"That's only fair," he answered. "It's a bargain."

With many comical interruptions from the young men which made them all laugh, she managed to tell her story, and then she promptly demanded one in return.

Bertie looked puzzled. The promise was a rash one, for stories were clearly not in his line.

"I don't know any fairy-tales," he said at length.

"Will any other kind do, Cinderella?"

"Yes, she replied.

"I love to hear of noble deeds and brave men."

"Then I can tell you one story—a true one," he said, with a change of tone which made her look into his face wonderingly.

"I suppose I must begin with the orthodox 'Once upon a time'; so here goes.

"Once upon a time there were two brothers, or, to be more exact, half-brothers, who lived with their widowed mother in a small sea-coast town in Normandy.

"One brother was considerably older than the other; he was also his mother's favorite, and contrived to have things pretty well his own way. He chose to become a soldier, and, upon joining his regiment, his mother made over to him nearly all the small income she possessed.

"The younger brother obtained employment as a clerk, and on his slender salary he and his mother contrived to live. This state of things continued until the elder son was summoned home by the tidings of his mother's illness.

"Stories of his gay reckless life had reached her ears, and anxiety, combined with privation, had brought her to the brink of the grave.

"His mother recovered; but, from various causes, a coldness sprang up between the brothers. The younger warmly remonstrated with the other concerning his selfish folly.

"The idea of his younger brother, whose opinion he held in contempt, tutoring him with regard to his duty fired his indignation: the result was a quarrel more serious than they had ever had before.

"It was at this juncture that the younger received intelligence of his uncle's death and his own accession to a noble title and vast fortune.

"I am ashamed to say that the tidings increased every feeling of animosity and anger in the elder's heart.

"He left the house in a fit of passion, and swore never again to speak to his brother. The younger one knew well that the pride which had always been his brother's bane would for ever prevent his seeking a reconciliation now; so, like the foolish, generous fellow that he was, he resolved to leave no means untried to effect one.

"He followed him to the beach, and learned there that he had gone out with a fisherman in a small boat, intending to sail round the point.

"The wind was rising, and the sky looked threatening.

"He perceived little groups of fishermen looking seaward, and questioning each other as to who were out in the boats.

"After wandering anxiously up and down the beach for some time, he perceived a boat making its way to the shore. In it was the fisherman with whom his brother had sailed that afternoon.

"The fisherman informed him that the boat had been upset near the point, and the young gentleman dashed against the rocks and severely cut; but he had managed to clamber upon a projecting ledge, and had bidden him—Joe—hasten to the shore for assistance.

"Lyon delayed not a moment.

"Having provided himself with a thick coil of rope, he and the fisherman rowed across the now stormy sea.

"The point was a sharp rock rising out of the water, surrounded by numerous low crags, most of which were covered when the tide was high.

"Under the most favorable auspices it was impossible for a boat to go very near, for the channels were too narrow to admit its ingress.

"As soon as they approached close enough, Lyon fastened the rope round his waist, and swam towards the point.

"It was the act of a madman. Twenty times he was dashed against the sharp crags, which lacerated his limbs; but he struggled on.

"A vivid flash of lightning showed him his brother's form extended motionless on a projecting ledge.

"Clambering up its steep side, he discovered that he had fainted from loss of blood. He looked about for some projection to which he might fasten the rope that he carried, but found none. The ledge he stood on had no projecting angles, and the rock behind rose up almost perpendicularly.

"He signalled to Joe to come to his assistance. This the fisherman accomplished by the help of the rope, having anchored the boat between two crags.

"'You must get him home immediately, Joe,' he said, as the man reached the ledge. 'He is bleeding to death fast. Don't delay man, for Heaven's sake!'

"'In another hour,' the man remarked, 'no boat will be able to put near the point. Let me take the rope while you try the passage back.'

"'No, no,' replied the young man. 'I could not swim that again to-night. I have given my leg an awkward twist.

"'Leave me here; you can return when the gale is over.'

"Delay was useless; their only chance lay in the lull lasting long enough for Joe to gain the boat.

"He took the half-conscious man, while Lyon held the rope, and managed to reach the boat in safety.

"As the fisherman had predicted, the storm increased in fury. No boat could put out that night, nor a greater part of the next day.

"When at last a rescue-party reached the point, they found the poor young fellow, as they thought, dead.

"He was not dead—thank Heaven——"

Here the young man's voice faltered, and he stopped abruptly.

"It was you!" cried the girl, looking at Lyon with eyes overflowing with tears.

"How brave you were!"

"I could tell you that story differently, Cinderella," Lyon answered, "and show you how greatly he has traduced a noble nature."

She hardly listened to his words.

Laying her hand upon his arm, she said softly—

"I shall always love to think of that story—I shall never forget it."

At that moment her train came hissing in, and she held out her hand.

"Good-bye, Mr. Lyon; I hope you will soon be quite well."

In another moment the train was gone.

The young men's followed almost immediately; and it was not until they were fairly on their journey that they recollected that the carpet-bag the girl had lent them had been forgotten.

She had gone away without it, and the porter had placed it in the carriage with their luggage.

As it had no address, and was secured only by a strap, they opened it, to ascertain, if possible, the owner's name.

A shabby black dress, a pair of worn little slippers, a pair of soiled gloves, and a change of linen much the worse for wear—that was all it contained. There was no name, no address of any kind.

Poor little Cinderella!

* * * * * * *

The Wynnes belonged to that unhappy class of society whose means are inadequate to their pretentions.

Colonel Wynne was a good, kind-hearted man, whose greatest fault was that he allowed himself to be ruled by his wife against his better judgment.

The quiet old man was miserable beneath the load of his sham magnificence, for he saw the shadow of debt growing darker as the months passed on, while he yet lacked resolution to put an end to so unpleasant a state of affairs.

There were points on which his wife had been forced to yield.

One of these was the adoption of his orphan niece Dolores, the only child of his brother Arthur, who had died in Belgium rather more than two years before.

The Colonel resolved that Dolores should come, and held his ground against all arguments, and even taunts, as to the extra expense the step would entail which his wife brought to bear upon the question.

The Colonel for once stoutly maintained his position.

Dolores was young, he said, and her dress at least need not be expensive; her cousins' clothes would do for her, with alterations, as well as other things they did not need.

So with such an understanding Dolores came.

Her tall cousins' old dresses were shortened for her, and their half-worn boots, with a good piece of wadding stuffed into the toes, did duty on her feet.

The gloves were almost impracticable, and the long fingers a real trial; but even this was overcome by dint of sundry clever contrivances.

Fortunately Dolores's wardrobe did not constitute her chief happiness.

With a story-book in her hands, and seated on her favorite old sofa in the school-room, she could defy all the loose boots and long-fingered gloves in the world; or she could trail her shabby robes across the school-room boards, and with imagination's magic wand transform them into richest velvet decked with the jewels of Aladdin's cave.

The Colonel smoked his pipe here in the evenings, and chatted with Dolores.

She never tired of his stories, and loved to fill his pipe with her deft little fingers.

She too had her little histories to relate of the time when she and her father had lived in Belgium.

She told him how very poor they were, and how glad she was when she learned to make lace, as it enabled her to procure many comforts for her father.

To all of which the Colonel listened with never-failing interest, nodding his approval between the puffs of smoke.

"Could you earn much, Dolly?" he asked, when the recital was finished.

"Not much—only a few cents every day; but it was something."

"You are wonderfully like your father, Dolly.

"He was a fine man, my dear.

"It was those wretched debts that drove him from England," the Colonel said sadly.

"Dolly, never get into debt, my dear; it is a millstone round one's neck, which grows heavier till it crushes one.

"Ah, well, it is a sad subject for a young thing like you; so we'll think of something better.

What do you say to going down to Epsom for a day or two this week?" he added, after a pause.

"Shall we say Thursday, wind and weather permitting?

"Steady, Doll, steady!"—as Dolores sprang up and kissed him vehemently.

"What a darling you are, uncle! I am longing to go."

* * * * * * *

The drawing-room was a large well-furnished apartment, or rather had been well-furnished, for the furniture was worn in many places, and, although the rents and frays in the handsome brocade were skilfully concealed, it was evident to a casual observer that it had seen its best days.

Near to a window which commanded a good view of the street a young lady was seated, working at an embroidery-frame.

She was richly dressed in dark silk, and wore a handsome chain round her neck; her golden hair was arranged in close plaits round her small, well-shaped.

As a carriage drove up and a knock resounded through the house, she rose and went to the window, displaying in the movement a tall well-formed figure and graceful bearing, which, together with her fine though somewhat haughty features, betrayed unmistakably the aristocrat.

She was Colonel Wynne's eldest daughter.

The footman entered and announced Mrs. Featherstone.

Miss Wynne greeted her visitor cordially.

"How good of you to come to me so early!

"I am all alone.

"Mamma and Annie have gone out shopping.

"I detest shopping, and declined to accompany them."

"I am fortunate at finding you at home," answered Mrs. Featherstone, in a languid voice, opening her fan; "I am going into the country, to Casterton, on Saturday."

"So soon!" cried Miss Wynne, surprised. "I thought it was quite settled you were to leave next week?"

"So it was; but my brother writes to say I must be there sooner.

"Men are so wretchedly helpless, my dear, when there is anything on hand; and these races always entail a round of gaiety. I have come to-day to beg a great favor of Dolores, my dear Matilda.

"I tore that lace shawl of mine yesterday, and I positively don't know how to get it repaired by Saturday.

"I am in a state of absolute despair, for I set my heart on wearing it at the races.

"I am really ashamed to ask; but do you think that Dolores would mind doing it for me?

"She repaired your mother's so cleverly, much better than those professional menders."

"She can do it quite well," said Matilda Wynne; "but she is not always obliging. You can ask her however"—ringing as she spoke.

"Send Miss Dolores here," she said to the servant who entered.

In a few minutes the door opened, and a slight figure in black appeared on the threshold.

It was that of the girl who two years before had waited so long in the company of two young men at Revelwood Junction.

In some respects her face was much altered; the happy, childish expression was gone, giving place to a shrinking hesitation; but the large brown eyes were soft and gentle as ever.

She was very fair to look upon, but a subtle change had passed over her; she was no longer a child.

She came forward, a nervous embarrassment in her manner, as though uncertain of her reception.

In her timid greeting a degree of awkwardness was also manifest.

"Mrs. Featherstone wishes you to mend a lace shawl for her," said her cousin.

"Could you do it this week?"

"Is it much torn?" she asked timidly.

"Will you kindly ring, Matilda?

"I brought it with me in the carriage in order to lose no time."

The shawl was brought in and a formidable rent displayed.

Dolores looked at it in dismay.

"It will take a long time to do; the lace is very fine."

"My dear child, I must positively have it by Friday, for I am going into the country on Saturday.

"You will do it, like a dear good girl, won't you?"

"Indeed—indeed I can't," said Dolores hurriedly, almost tearfully, as she remembered her uncle's promise to take her to Epsom.

"No one could, unless they worked from morning to night."

"I am sorry to have troubled you then," said Mrs. Featherstone stiffly.

"I had no idea you would have found it so troublesome a task."

Matilda Wynne looked extremely annoyed, and remarked that Dolores could always find time for reading, and that it was only when she was required to do a kind action that time was her excuse.

"If you had ever made lace as fine as that, you would know how long it takes," said Dolores, her eyes filling with tears.

"I know nothing of lace-making. It is true," said Mrs. Featherstone, with an offended air, rising as she spoke, "and therefore am no judge of the time it takes to repair a comparatively small rent."

She was not a bad-hearted woman, but her disappointment inclined her to be unjust.

As soon as the door closed behind her, Matilda Wynne's anger broke out.

"I never knew any one so ill-natured.

"I believe you do these things on purpose, Dolores."

"What things?" asked Dolores, bewildered by her cousin's anger.

"What things!" repeated Matilda scornfully.

"As though you did not understand.

"How can you pretend ignorance, when you know perfectly well that Annie and I are dying to go to the Casterton ball, and that we depended on Mrs. Featherstone for our invitations?

"She is too angry now, thanks to you, to take any trouble about it."

"I did not know," Dolores answered indignantly.

"You never told me."

"You did know," rejoined the other angrily.

"And it all comes to this—if you don't do that horrid shawl, we sha'n't go to Casterton."

Matilda Wynne left the room abruptly.

Dolores was hurt and angry at her cousin's injustice, and little disposed to give up the happy visit she had looked forward to so long.

There was a struggle in her mind, which lasted however only a few minutes, and then Dolores bravely resolved to make her little sacrifice.

She ran up-stairs, and speedily donning her bonnet and mantle, walked across the square to Mrs. Featherstone's residence.

That lady had just returned.

She looked surprised when Dolores entered.

"I came to say," began Dolores, crimsoning as she spoke; "that I will do my very best to finish the shawl.

"I am afraid I can't promise it in time; but I will try to get it done."

"Does it really take so long?" said Mrs. Featherstone good-naturedly.

"I wish I could give you more time.

"You seemed to think it quite impossible a little while ago."

The blush deepened on Dolores's cheeks.

"I did think so, because uncle promised to take me into the country this week.

"I have thought since I could go some other time."

"Your are a dear little thing!" said Mrs. Featherstone warmly.

"I must try to make up for your disappointment.

"Oh, I have thought of a plan!

"Would you like to go down with me to Casterton?

"It would give you plenty of time to finish the shawl.

"You are such a quiet little thing, I am sure you could amuse yourself at the Manor."

"I should very much like to go," answered Dolores, her face brightening.

"You see," continued Mrs. Featherstone meditatively, "your aunt and cousins will be coming down in a week or so, and you could easily return with them.

"In the meantime my little niece Maudie will be delighted to have a companion."

Dolores's happy thanks touched the selfish woman who was taking her to Casterton principally to gratify her own vanity.

"You forget, my dear, the obligation is on my side.

"We must not however conclude you are going until we obtain your aunt's consent."

Dolores walked home a happy girl, for she little doubted Mrs. Featherstone's power of winning her aunt's approval for her proposed trip.

* * * * * * *

Dolores accompanied Mrs. Featherstone to Casterton upon one condition—she was not to join in any of the gaieties.

A series of balls, pic-nics, and other amusements was to take place during the races.

These were to be succeeded by others on there turn of the young Earl of Casterton, who coming of age, it was expected, would be celebrated with usual *eclat*.

Mrs. Wynne declared she could make no additions to Dolores's wardrobe, and strictly enjoined the young girl to keep out of sight of the guests at the Manor, and spend her time chiefly in the nursery with Maud—which she did.

The shawl being duly finished for the great lady, Dolores's time was entirely at her own disposal, and she determined to spend the rest of the day with little Maudie in Casterton woods—for every one was away at the races, and the Manor was very solitary.

Nurse, having made up a basket of sandwiches and other eatables dear to Maudie's heart, the two girls set out for the woods.

"I wonder," remarked Maudie, "if we shall meet Lady Blanche; she is very often in the woods."

"Lady Blanche!

"Who is she?"

"Lady Blanche Casterton, to be sure, the young Earl's mother," answered Maud, tossing back her curls, and raising a pair of arch gray eyes to the other's face.

"She is a great friend of mine.

"Oh, dear, yes!" continued Maud, with an air of superiority.

"I am a great favorite at the Castle.

"I remember the wicked old lord very well.

"My mamma was alive then."

"Who was he?" inquires Dolores.

"Why, old Lord Casterton!

"Have you not heard of him?

"He was a dreadful miser," said Maud, with solemn emphasis.

"Was he?"

"Yes," answered Maud.

"He was very wicked, and would not allow his nephew, the present Earl, to have even a penny.

"Nurse told me so.

"But he is dead, and his nephew has it all now.

"I am so glad, for Lord Casterton is nice.

"He brought me a box of bonbons from Paris for my birthday—I was nine last birthday, you know.

"He is not a miser"—with emphasis.

"I should like to live in the Castle," said Dolores, as they paused to look at the beautifully-kept grounds.

"How lovely those trees are!

"And the deers, what gentle creatures!

"Yes, it is nice to be rich"—*with a sigh.*

"Oh, yes, I dare say!" said Maud impatiently.

"But do let us get on.

"I see that park every day, you know, and I'm tired of it. Do let us go to the woods."

The woods reached, Maud and Dolores spent the long happy hours running beneath the wide-spreading trees, or searching for ferns, or chasing butterflies, or gathering wild-flowers.

No pic-nic dainty could have been more enjoyed than nurse's sandwiches, eaten beside a clear running brook under the shade of a willow.

The two girls were returning home laden with spoils, when they passed a pony-chaise driven by a lady.

Maud ran towards it.

"Lady Blanche, Lady Blanche!"

The chaise stopped.

"What a wild little girl!" said Lady Blanche, laughing, as she stooped to kiss the heated little face.

"What is it, dear?"

"I have brought you a fern," panted Maud—"the very kind you wanted.

"See!"—giving her one of the rare species from her basket.

"Thank you, dear.

"Won't you introduce me to your friend?"—smiling at Dolores's shy, blushing face.

"Miss Dolores Wynne," said Maud, in her pretty manner—"Lady Blanche Casterton."

"You must be Arthur Wynne's daughter," remarked Lady Blanche presently, after some conversation had passed between them.

"It must be so, the resemblance is so striking.

"I knew your father well," she continued, on hearing Dolores's reply.

"He was one of the dear friends of my youth.

"It is so many years since I saw him; I am afraid to say how many"—with a charming smile.

"It is only when we count them that we know how fast the years can fly.

"You must come and see me, dear—Maud will bring you; and I hope to see you both soon."

After more conversation, they parted, and the girls returned home.

A few days later Lady Blanche called at the Manor, and considerably astonished Mrs. Featherstone by her warm admiration of "little Dolores."

"Oh, yes," answered Mrs. Featherstone, with indifference, "she seems nice in some respects.

"But she is excessively childish, and rather silly, I think.

"Her aunt was in despair over her want of common sense when she first came to her.

"But she is considerably improved since then.

"Living abroad has a tendency to—to ——"

"To keep girls simple and unassuming in many respects," supplied Lady Blanche.

"I agree with you that it is often the case.

"But I cannot see that it applies particularly to Miss Wynne.

"In what respects do you find her silly?"

"In many ways," replied Mrs. Featherstone.

"For instance, when she first arrived, she actually lost her luggage—unpardonable stupidity for a girl of her age!

"It appears she was simple enough to lend her carpet-bag to some men at a station, who doubtless stole it."

"Were no inquiries made?" asked Lady Blanche, smiling.

"Of course.

"But some injudicious friend had given her a book of fairy-tales on the morning of her departure, and I dare say she thought of nothing else.

"At all events, she could not remember the name of the station where the bag had been left.

"There was also some confusion with regard to her train.

"She was carried in a wrong direction, and reached home quite ill from fatigue and fright, very late at night.

"You may imagine how angry, Mrs. Wynne was—for they are notoriously poor: and you may be sure little Dolores did not hear the last of that adventure for a long time."

Lady Blanche said very little more about Dolores; but a few days later there arrived a special invitation for her to the Casterton ball.

Mrs. Featherstone put it aside to await Mrs. Wynne's arrival and decision.

Dolores and Maud spent many pleasant afternoons at the Castle.

Lady Blanche was charmed with Miss Wynne, whose gentle nature expanded beneath affection as a rose beneath the warm rays of the summer sun.

With Lady Blanche and Maud she was another creature, as sweet, gay, and joyous as a bird set free from the cage against the bars of which it had wildly beaten its wings.

Only too soon the week passed away, and with it many of Dolores's pleasures.

Mrs. Wynne and her daughters arrived at the Manor, and her walks were prohibited.

Worst of all was her refusal to allow Dolores to accept the invitations to the Casterton ball.

It was of no use going to the expense of a third dress — which moreover, Mrs. Wynne declared, it was impossible to get made in time, even were she inclined to countenance such needless extravagance.

The matter thus settled, there was nothing for it but for Dolores to bear her disappointment as best she could.

Maudie's indignation knew no bounds, and, when Dolores refused to listen to the expressions of her anger against Mrs. Wynne, she took her troubles to the Castle, and confided in Lady Blanche, whose sympathy Maud knew would be entirely with Dolores.

"Your uncle is coming down, and he will make her let you go," said Maud hopefully, when all else failed.

Dolores shook her head.

"It would be of no use, for I have no dress."

The eventful night came round at length.

Dolores's clever little fingers were in request everywhere.

Matilda Wynne was seated before the glass.

The maid was dressing her hair.

"Dolly," implored Annie, "it is half-past nine.

"Do come and uncurl my hair.

"I shall never be dressed, for Matilda's hair takes ages to do."

Dolores put down the flowers she was arranging, and came to her cousin's assistance.

Deftly she released the long glossy curls, so like her own, from the papers, and proceeded to arrange them in a simple style which really became Annie Wynne's piquant beauty.

"You are a dear," said Annie, surveying herself in the glass when the operation was concluded, "and I do wish you were coming with us.

"Are you not awfully disappointed?

"You dress hair so nicely, Dolly; you shall always do mine when I go out."

"You would not enjoy the ball if you did come," put in Matilda, viewing her profile with the aid of a hand-glass.

"You can't dance, and a ball is stupid for wallflowers."

"I can dance," Dolores quickly replied.

"I used to dance in the Linden gardens, before papa died."

"We don't have that kind of dancing here," said Matilda carelessly.

"Do make haste with those flowers: they'll never be ready."

They were dressed at last; and, with their soft white cloaks on their arms, they descended.

A few minutes later they were driving to Casterton Castle.

Dolores stood at the window of the dressing-room, watching the departing carriage till the faint twinkling lights were out of sight, and then sat down in an easy-chair close to the fireplace.

She felt very solitary.

A few tears stole down her cheeks, in spite of her resolution to be happy.

It was of no use thinking of her disappointment, however.

So, bravely wiping away the drops that glistened on her lashes, she drew her cloak round her, and, tucking up her feet Turkish fashion, opened her favorite book of fairy-tales.

"It is just like Cinderella," she murmured, with a wistful smile through her tears.

"Only the fairies never come to me.

"I wish I could go to-night—I wish I had a kind godmother."

A knock at the door disturbed her fancies. Maudie's nurse entered.

"A parcel for you, Miss Dolores."

"A parcel for me!" cried Dolores, springing to her feet, her eyes opening wide with amazement as—wonder of wonders!—they rested on her own long-lost carpet-bag.

There was no mistake; she recognised it at once.

She remembered its contents perfectly—the shabby dress, the worn shoes, the old gloves.

Where could it have been hidden all this time?

"It's to be opened immediately," said nurse, with a perfectly conscious smile.

The leather straps were soon unfastened, and Dolores took out the handsomest ball-dress she had ever seen.

She stared in stupefied amazement at the glistening folds of white satin built hidden beneath costly lace.

"There is some mistake—this is not for me!"

"It is for you, sure enough," replied nurse, with the same merry smile, which would have told a more suspicious observer that the surprise she manifested was not genuine.

"And there's more to come, miss."

There was more.

A complete set of delicate linen, little white gloves, silk stockings, a charming fan, a lace handkerchief—nothing had been forgotten.

At the bottom of all lay a folded paper, containing these words—

"At the touch of the fairy's wand Cinderella's old clothes underwent a marvellous transformation. Obedient to her godmother's command, she arrayed herself for the ball."

Did anything so delightfully bewildering ever happen before?

"If you please, miss, the carriage is waiting to take you to the ball," said nurse, assisting Dolores in her toilette.

"Am I asleep or awake?

"Is it a real carriage, do you think nurse, or will it turn into a pumpkin?"

"Pumpkin!

"Lor," commented nurse, "it ain't no pumpkin.

"It's a carriage, sure enough!

"Let me do your hair, miss — it's late."

The brown curls required little arrangement.

The silk stockings were on, when—

"I have no shoes!" cried Dolores.

"I can't go in these old ones."

"I will look again in the bag," said nurse.

She found them in the pocket by themselves—the daintiest of satin shoes—and they fitted beautifully.

Dolores kissed them in a rapture of delight.

"My dear fairy godmother, how dearly I love you!"

Her toilette was speedily completed.

The glass reflected a lovely vision as she stood before it while nurse fastened a bunch of drooping rose-buds in her hair.

It all seemed like a delicious dream, and she did not quite wake to its reality until Lady Blanche met her in the hall of the Castle.

"You have not been long, dear," she said, kissing Dolores's glowing face.

"Did you expect me?

"Did you send me these things?" asked Dolores.

Lady Blanche laughed.

"Your father never told you that I was your godmother.

"Confess that I am as good as Cinderella's."

Dolores's reply was unintelligible between her kisses.

"I have another surprise for you, child.

"Lyon, come here."

A fair-haired young man came forward.

Was it really the Lyon she had seen at Revelwood Junction?

The doubt lasted only a moment; it was dispelled as soon as he spoke.

"Let me introduce my son.

"Lord Casterton—Miss Dolores Wynne."

"So you are really Cinderella?"

"Yes," she answered, laughing; "and you——"

She blushed.

"I am the prince to-night," he said, merrily, "so you must let me have the pleasure of the next dance."

"Tell me when the clock strikes twelve, for I must run away then," she said, as they entered the drawing-room.

"Your godmother is more generous," he replied.

"You are not going away at all.

"She has prevailed on your aunt to allow you to pay us a long visit; so you see there is no chance of your leaving your slipper behind, Cinderella."

"They are too pretty. I shall take better care of mine."

"If you knew how hard it was to get them small enough!"

The waltz had commenced; so he placed his arm round her waist, and, as she danced, she met Matilda's and Annie's amazed glances.

But better than all was the smile on her uncle's face as he watched her delight.

* * * * * * *

A few months later there was a gay wedding at Casterton, for Mrs. Featherstone had insisted on Dolores being married from the Manor.

She declares to this day that the match was entirely of her making.

The tall guardsman who officiated as "best man" was Bertie Trevor, Lord Casterton's half-brother; he devoted himself entirely to Maudie, who was the tiniest and most fairy-like of bridesmaids.

In the depths of a certain drawer containing momentoes of the past the young Countess of Casterton always treasured a pair of old satin slippers very frayed and soiled, but valuable to her beyond any others in the world.

They were her husband's first gift.

COURTSHIP IN MEXICO.—Courting from all accounts, is a pretty tough job in Mexico.

The young man is first supposed to meet the young lady on the plaza.

They never speak, but they always gaze at each other as they pass.

When the lady does not make her appearance on the plaza, the young man will repair to the street fronting the house and walk up and down in front of it for several hours.

He will always gaze earnestly at the window as he passes.

The young lady and her female friends are inside, and she will return his glance.

After ten o'clock the young man will go home.

He performance is continued for a good [illegible] months, at last the young man will knock boldly at the door and ask for the [illegible] of the house.

He will tell her that her daughter is so angelic in the [illegible] that she is beauty personified, that she is other than she is beautiful, that he is wild in love with her, and that life has no possible interest for him unless he can win her.

He will then tell of his prospects in life, what he is possessed of and hopes to be possessed of.

If this latter part is satisfactory to the mamma she will commiserate with him, tell him that she has noticed his attention to her daughter, and finally conclude by inviting him to the inner circle and introducing him to the young lady in the presence of the assembled family.

The grandma (if there is a grandma in the family) will sit between the young people and witness their cooing.

All the rest of the family remain in the room also, unless they are otherwise engaged, but under no circumstances must the young people be left alone for a second.

This, you will admit, is pretty tough, but that is not half what the young must suffer before the padre closes the bargain and gives him proprietary interest in his lady-love.

If perchance the young lady has a pair of big brothers—and such is generally the case—the unfortunate swain is expected to treat them to mescal and cigarettes every time they meet.

If a circus or a theatre company visit the town it is the prerogative of the young lady to ask all her female relatives to accompany her to the show, and the young man, of course, is expected and required to foot the bill.

But the worst part for the lovesick young man remains to be told.

He cannot walk by the side of his affianced on the way to or from the theatre.

She will start off ahead in company with some female friend, while the young man will bring up the rear on the arm of his grandmamma or some equally venerable dame.

This is the recognized and inviolable custom of the country, and while it exists the American young man will not be a social success in Mexico.

He cannot stand the racket.

If the young couple are very spoony they can be married in six months, though well regulated society demands a twelve months' courtship.

HANDSOME girls do not need many ornaments. The peacock and the ostrich show that the ugliest birds wear the finest feathers, and they must do it to be noticed.

A Dangerous Enemy.

We commend to earnestly urge the necessity of using [illegible] New Vaporizing Treatment of Dr. Starkey & Palen, Thirteenth St., Philadelphia, the very commencement of [illegible] before the [illegible] has made its serious inroads upon the system and reduced its power to contend with scrofulous consumption. The majority of the cases which come to them are of long standing, and the chances for a radical and permanent cure [illegible] for [illegible] that their treatment [illegible] a large proportion of these cases is often a surprise to themselves as to their friends. If your cough is troubling you, if you are losing flesh, if you want strength and have night sweats, don't wait a day before sending to Drs. Starkey & Palen for such testimonials and reports of cases as will convince you of the merits of their new treatment. Take your enemy in time, and the chances are all in favor of your dislodging him.

Scientific and Useful.

WATERPROOFING.—Oil of white birch bark dissolved in alcohol when applied to fabrics renders them waterproof and preserves them from the attacks of insects without in any way seriously impairing the appearance or the pliability of the material.

WOOD-STONE.—A method of coating the surface of wood so as to render it as hard as stone has come into vogue in Germany. The composition is a forty parts of chalk, fifty of resin, and four of linseed oil, melted together, then adding one part of copper, and finally one of sulphuric acid. It is applied hot with a brush.

GOOD MUCILAGE.—The *Journal of Pharmacy* gives the following recipe for a mucilage which will unite wood, porcelain, or glass: To eight and one half ounces of a strong solution of gum-arabic add twenty grains of a solution of sulphate of alumina dissolved in two-thirds of an ounce of water.

BLACK WALNUT.—An excellent stain for giving light-colored wood the appearance of black-walnut may be made and applied as follows: Take Brunswick black, thin it down with turpentine until it is about the right tone and color, and then add about one-twentieth its bulk of varnish. This mixture, it is said, will dry hard and take varnish well.

FISH AS FOOD.—Sir Henry Thompson, the London surgeon, recognizes in fish a combination of all the elements of food that the human body requires in almost every phase of life, more especially by those who follow sedentary employment. To women he considers fish to be an invaluable article of diet, but he scouts as a complete fallacy the notion that fish-eating increases the brain power. "The only action fish had on the brain was to put man's body into proper relations with the work he had to do."

LEATHER-WASTE.—Artificial leather made of leather-waste mixed with five to ten per cent. of sinew, and pressed into sheets like cardboard, is now make in Germany. The two materials are separately prepared—the leather pieces washed, cut, and boiled in alkaline lye, torn, neutralized with sulphuric acid and water, then freed from the acid by washing. The sinews are similarly treated, but steamed in an acid bath until they become like glue. These materials are then mixed, pressed into sheets, moistened on both sides with concentrated solution of gum, and the upper surface is finally treated with a thin coat of solution of caoutchouc in carbon bisulphide to increase its resemblance to leather.

Farm and Garden.

TREES.—Fruit men all say the best way to treat trees infested with borers is to remove the earth about the base of the trunk. Fill up the hollow after freezing weather is well under way.

WOOD ASHES.—The value of wood ashes is [illegible] little appreciated. They contain in varying proportions, what is valuable for orchards in bearing, having an as yet unexplained effect in perfecting the fruit. It is better to give a light dressing of any potash manure every year than to give large doses at any one time.

KICKING HORSES.—Here is a very simple method by which a kicking horse can be shod. It consists in connecting the animal's head and tail by means of a rope fastened at the tail and then to the bit, and then drawn tightly enough to incline his head to one side. This, it is claimed, makes it absolutely impossible for a horse to kick on the side of the rope.

WATER FOR SHEEP.—Sheep often go a long time without drinking, especially if in a pretty good pasture, and the dews are so heavy that they can fill up with wet grass in the morning. But when they do want to drink water is as necessary to their health [illegible] Therefore, keep a supply of pure water in the sheep pasture as much as in any other, and if the sheep do not drink from it, give them a little salt once a week. They should have salt as often as once a week under any circumstances.

CORN SEED.—That the grains from the tip ends of ears of corn produced the better yield in comparison with those from the butt and centre led Dr. Sturtevant to investigate further in order to discover a reason. His explanation is that the well-formed grains on the tips of the ears had a fuller chance for development in the normal shape, as a grain of corn, if left with ample room, swells on each side and assumes a round form, which is prevented in the centre of the cob, where the grains are flat. Accordingly, the result seems to point to round grains from any part of the cob as the best for seeding.

NITRATE OF SODA.—The use of nitrate of soda as a stimulant for grass land, and now extensively used for that purpose, was discovered a few years ago by a singular accident. A maker of paper in one of the New England States bought a quantity of bags which had contained the nitrate, and spread them out on sheds in order to dry [illegible] and [illegible] of the particles of nitrate which adhered to them. [illegible] rain came, and [illegible] and [illegible] and the bags they were taken to the vats and made into paper. To the owner's surprise the ground from which they had been removed soon set up a growth of grass which surpassed any near his neighbors had ever produced.

THE STATES NAMED.

THE name of California first originated in the imagination of the author of a Spanish romance, "Las Sergas de Esplandian." Here the "Island of California where great abundance of gold and precious stones is found," was described.

The name was probably given to the territory now embraced in this state by some of the Spaniards with Cortez, who, no doubt, read this sensational romance.

Oregon was a name formerly given to an imaginary river of the west.

Carver, an American traveler, mentions it in 1763.

In describing the river he evidently confounded it with the Missouri, but the name was finally applied to the present state of that name.

New Hampshire was named from Hampshire county, of England, by John Mason, of the Plymouth company, to whom the territory was originally granted by the English government.

The state of Massachusetts was named from the bay of that name.

The origin of the word Massachusetts is from the Indian word "muss," great, "wadchusett," mountains or hills, and the suffix "et," meaning at or near.

There are many conflicting opinions concerning the origin of the name Rhode Island.

Some believe it to have been named from the Isle of Rhodes; others from the Dutch, Roode Eilandt, signifying Red Island.

It might also have been called Road Island or Roadstead Island, being near the harbor.

Connecticut, spelled in an Indian dialect, Quin-neh-tuk-qut, signifying "land on a long tidal-river."

New York is named from the Duke of York, the original grantee.

In the charter he was given all the lands "from the west side of the Connecticut river to the east side of the Delaware Bay."

The territory of New Jersey was given by royal charter to Sir George Carteret and Lord Berkeley.

Carteret, in England's great civil war, had bravely defended the Isle of Jersey, in [illegible] and his new [illegible] sions in [illegible] were [illegible] oration of this fact.

Pennsylvania was founded by Wm. Penn, and it was the only state named from its founder.

The suffix "sylvania," signifies "forest land," is descriptive of the general character of the country.

Three counties lying southeast of Pennsylvania were formerly territories of that state. In 1701 they were granted a charter, and Delaware, named after Lord De La War, who first explored the bay into which the river empties.

Maryland was named from Queen Henrietta Maria. In the charter the name in Latin, was Terra Mariæ, meaning land of Mary, or Mary's land.

Virginia was called in honor of Queen Elizabeth, who was known as the Virgin Queen.

The territory of the Carolinas was granted to the French settlers in 1662, and named after Charles I. of France.

King George II. of England, was the sponsor for the southern state of Georgia.

The name of Maine was given to that state descriptively, since in the original charter it was so adored "the Mayne Land of New England.

Vermont was also a descriptive name being formed from two French words "verd" and "mont," meaning green mountains.

Kentucky is from Kentuckee, an Indian Shawanese word, signifying "the head of a river," or "long river."

Mississippi is from the Indian Messysecdee, meaning not the "father of waters," but "the great water."

Colorado is named for the Rio Colorado river. The name is of Spanish origin, and means "ruddy" or "red," referring to the color of the water of that river.

Tennessee is supposed to have been named from Tenasee, one of the chief villages of the Cherokee Indians, which was located on the banks of the Tennessee river.

The name of Minnesota is from the Indian Minnesotah, meaning "colored water."

The state of Nevada is from the Sierra Nevada mountains, which in turn are said to have been named from the Sierra Nevadas of Grenada.

Nebraska takes its name from the Nebraska river. The name is of Indian origin, meaning "shallow river."

Kansas is also named from its principal river.

A tribe of Indians, formerly in that locality, were known as the Konsas or Kaws, and the state is probably named from them.

The origin of the name of the peninsular state of Florida is told by historians as follows: "In 1512, Ponce de Leon sailed from France to the west in search of the 'fountain of youth.' He first saw land on 'Easter Day,' and on account of the richness and quantity of flowers found on the new possessions, he called it Florida."

Alabama is named from an ancient Indian tribe of the Mississippi valley. The name itself signifies "here we rest."

Ohio takes its name from the river on the southern boundary. The word is from the Wyandotte Indian dialect, "o-he-zah," and means "something great."

Iowa is named from the river of that name the river [illegible] Iowa Indians.

Missouri was named [illegible] river. The word is [illegible] Indian Missouri, signifying "muddy water."

The name Wisconsin is a French-Indian origin.

It was formerly spelled Ouis-con-sin, meaning "westward flowing."

Illinois is derived from the Delaware Indian word "Illin" or "Lenl," meaning "real men," and the soft French termination "ois."

The name Michigan comes from the Indian words of Algonquin and Chippewa origin, "Mitcha," great, and "gan" lake.

Louisiana was called in honor of Louis XIV. of France, and was formerly applied to the French possessions in the Mississippi valley.

The word Arkansas is of Indian stock.

A tribe of Indians, who rebelled and separated from the Kansas nation, were celebrated for the fine quality of their bows.

From this they were called Are or Bow Indians, and afterwards Arkansas.

New Publications.

We have received "Guy Mannering" and "The Bride of Lammermoor" being the latest issues of Peterson's Fifteen Cent Edition of the works of the great novelist Scott. It is unnecessary to say anything of their merit. Every family should have them and this splendid opportunity of getting them in good reading form at the insignificant rate of 15 cents each, should be taken advantage of by all. Peterson & Bros. Phila., Pa.

In view of the [illegible] coming of the [illegible] Henry living to this [illegible], the [illegible] living and gone at [illegible] publishers will issue the book just [illegible] with a short account of his [illegible], which [illegible] Instantaneous. It [illegible] interesting [illegible] and [illegible] reading. Published by W. S. Gottsberger, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

The "Meistersehaft System of Learning Languages," by Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal, is a simple and practical method of learning, Spanish, French and German, pupils learn to speak the very first lesson in long and connected sentences. Exact pronunciation given. Ten weeks' study is said to be sufficient for entire mastery of everyday and business conversation. They are issued in numbers. Price, $5.00 for fifteen books and correction of exercises. Specimen copy, 25 cents. Published by Estes & Laurint, Boston, Mass. Some of the leading linguists and scholars of the day commend this system as the best they have ever seen.

MAGAZINES.

The frontispiece of the October *Century* which concludes the twenty-sixth volume of the magazine—is a fine portrait of Longfellow, which accompanies Edmund C. Stedman's admirable essay on the poet. The leading illustrated articles of the number are, Old New York and its Houses, by Richard Grant White; In the Footsteps of Thackeray, by William H. Rideing; Outdoor Industries of California, by H. H.; The Pupils of Thomas Bewick, by Austin Dobson; and Snipe Shooting, by George Bird Grinnell. Prof. Geo. P. Fisher, of Yale, contributes [illegible] entitled Marvels [illegible] Years. W. J. Stillman's characteristics of London, and the paper of an anonymous Foreigner in Florence, are interesting sketches of travel. The powerful anonymous novel, The Bread-Winners, is continued, and Mr. Howells brings A Woman's Reason to an effective conclusion. Through Waterspout and Typhoon, is a graphic short story by James G. Wait. The poetry is contributed by Roger Riordan, Miss Charlotte Fiske Bates, Edna Dale, Richard A. Jackson and others. Some of the most entertaining reading in the number will be found in the departments—Topics of the Time; Open letters, and Bric-a-Brac.

As we have frequently remarked we can suggest nothing more elegant, or cheaper in the way of art publications than the *Magazine of Art*. Every number is grandly illustrated in the perfection of taste and the reading matter is of the highest interest. Among the illustrated articles of the October number are Giants at Play; The Cartoon of David; Early Chinese Current Art; Flowers and Flower Painters; Organ Cases; Rest in the Road; Greek Myths; The Country of Millet; etc., etc. The yearly subscription is $3.50. Single numbers 35 cents.

"The American Journalist" is the title of a Monthly publication just issued in St. Louis. It is intended to be a medium of more direct intercourse among members of the newspaper profession. The initial number contains a number of articles interesting topics, notes, personals, news, etc., with sketches, and portraits of distinguished journalists. $2.00 per year. Published at 305 Chestnut Street, St. Louis Mo.

To those who want a good magazine where a great deal is compressed in a comparatively small space we would recommend [illegible] *Harper's Bazar*. It always contains a great deal of the highest value to the housekeeper, as well as light and entertaining reading. 920 Walnut St. Phila. $3.00 per year.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Sixteen hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced from $1.50 and upwards per day. European Restaurant supplied with the best of the market, and charges moderate. Families can live for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Our Young Folks.

JOHNNY'S SACRIFICE.

BY PIPKIN.

JOHNNY GREEN a little [illegible] of a chimney-sweep was [illegible] with many [illegible] Neddy, his master's [illegible] the tattered [illegible] to [illegible] at [illegible]

So Billy whipped up his donkeys and scuffled along in his rags the livelong day, while his bosom friend, Johnny, did the greater part of his drudgery in the early morning.

Billy Reed was a brown eyed, brown-headed, laughter-loving boy, while Johnny was quiet, sedate, and thoughtful, and not remarkably clever, which is not to be wondered at.

Yet the lad possessed a noble soul, a soul which craved, and longed, and stretched [illegible] after other than soot, rags, and sin—the purity, the greatness of an honest manhood.

Thanks to the ragged-school, he was striving for this.

But he was only one of numbers.

Nobody noticed his comings or his goings in that motley ragged-school, in the seaside village fast growing into a town.

Well, Billy Reed was a scholar there—happy, careless Billy Reed, who took life as he found it, and made the most of it, without thought of laying down it or its pleasures for brethern, friends or enemies.

Ah, well! we are not moulded alike; our souls have not the same promptings.

Billy and Johnny were friends—oh, such chums!—in their dirt and their poverty: and now was to be tested which boy's friendship was the truest, whose was the noblest, most unselfish love.

A week ago, a golden something had risen, like bright stars in the horizon of their existence, a something after which Johnny had panted, till his very heart had grown sick.

This is how it came about—

A lady who loved to take the sweepings of humanity, and sift them for a jewel now [illegible] she was in want of a page-boy, walking by the same tumultuous sea, saw Johnny and Neddy idling there.

He always brought Neddy down to have a whiff of salt air, and to catch a sight of the doings and romps of his long eared friends, every tuneful note himself.

Other days, not revelling in soot, often earned sixpence or so for steering a boat or running about at the bidding of the pleasure-seekers, but who would employ a chimney sweep?

Nobody.

But he loved to watch Billy, here, there, and anywhere, just as well as Neddy did the frolics of those four-legged-brothers of his.

Well, the grand lady and Johnny the sweep met on the sandy beach.

"Do you like being a chimney-sweep?" was the next question.

Like being a sweep!

Johnny thought the lady knew very little about sweeps or their lives, to make that inquiry.

"No, ma'am.

"Sweeping chimneys isn't anything to like," was his candid avowal.

"Well, no, I suppose not," agreed the lady smiling.

"Poor old Neddy!" he muttered, and forgetful of the lady's presence.

"Do you love him?" she asked amused, yet touched, with his apparent affection for the brute.

"Yes, ma'am.

"He's one of my chums," was the shy answer.

At that moment Billy Reed went by, with a [illegible] young lady on [illegible]

"And that's another who calls a real good one, I suppose," observed the lady.

"Yes, ma'am," said the lady.

"They are all I've got in the world—Neddy here, and Billy yonder."

"Poor boy!

"Then you've only to leave your present master.

"You're nobody else to please?"

"No.

"I never please him," quoth Johnny, surprised that she supposed [illegible]

"Well, I'm in want of a page. Will you [illegible]

"[illegible] you?"

"Yes, 'am, and think myself the luckiest chap that ever climbed a chimney.

"And [illegible] Neddy will get another boy to bring him out to sea, [illegible]

"But [illegible] he does?"

Something [illegible] that it was [illegible] Johnny's cap [illegible] was [illegible] "Well, no, I suppose not," [illegible] the lady's smiling.

"Poor old Neddy!" he muttered, and forgetful of the lady's presence.

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"And [illegible] Neddy will get another boy to bring him out to sea, [illegible]

"But [illegible] he does?"

Something [illegible] that it was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"GATHER YE ROSEBUDS."

BY K. E.

'Tis sweet to roam in the morning hours
And, fresh and fair from the dewy spray,
To pluck the rose in the garden flowers,
Before the lips of the fervid day
Have kissed too warmly the youngling flowers—
Oh, "gather ye rosebuds while ye may!"

'Tis sweet to work in the morning tide,
When the hand is strong, and the heart is gay—
To roam like bees from side to side,
'Mid golden stores about us lay;
But youth and strength not for aye abide—
So "gather ye rosebuds while ye may."

'Tis sweet to love when the heart o'erflows;
'Tis sweet to brighten the darksome way
Where some less fortunate sister goes
With life and warmth from one's own heart-ray—
In heaven blooms many a deathless rose—
Oh, "gather ye rosebuds while ye may."

STRANGE MARRIAGES.

TWICE every year a notice is posted up in the workshops of the female convict prisons in France, that any woman under thirty years of age who has served two years of her sentence, may petition to be transported, provided that on arriving in New Caledonia she consents to marry a convict.

Obviously, women who have been sentenced for seven years only, and who may by good conduct obtain a remission of two years at home, have not much interest in getting transported during the third year of their punishment; so it is not unusual to offer such women the option of transportation within six or seven months after their sentence.

As a rule, however, those who put down their names on the transport lists have been condemned to very long terms. It is not said that any favoritism is shown in the selections, the number of candidates fulfilling all the required conditions being too few to allow the authorities much range of choice.

Those who make up their minds to go are treated with great kindness on their voyage out. They have new kits given to them, and they do not wear the regular convict garb, but a sort of peasant costume with cloak and hood.

On landing at Noumea, they are consigned to a house of detention for a month or two, and during that time their marriages are arranged for them through the agency of officials, through the chaplains of the female prison and the male penitentiary, and through the wardresses, who are nuns.

Nothing is done in a hurry, or with any brutal disregard of a woman's feelings; indeed, many ordinary marriages of free people in France are projected with less caution than these convict unions.

The Marriage Board, consisting of the governor of the colony, two magistrates, two priests, and the matron of the female prison—make themselves acquainted with all the antecedents of the parties who are to be married, and they try as far as possible to plan matches between individuals whose tempers fit them to live together.

To the credit of the authorities, it must be said that they are particular as to the tempers of the men whom they select for marriage, and never choose a man who is notorious for having a savage, ruffianly disposition, or being addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors.

When it has been decided, after due inquiry, that a couple—say A. and B.—may be united, it is sought to excite in each of the parties an interest in the other. A. is told all about the past life of B., and *vice versa;* they are also shown each others photographs. Then, if the parties do not object to meet, an appointment is made; and they generally see each other in the parlor of the female prison in the presence of the matron.

As to this, however, the manner of interviews varies; for the matron and chaplains may arrange matters as they please, so that everything may be done with propriety. The intended bridegroom is always in possession of a cottage and a piece of land; for he cannot marry until it is proved that he can maintain himself out of the produce of his holding, eked out by the wages he may receive as a laborer on public works. Naturally, he is not compelled to take the bride whom the authorities have designated for him. If she pleases him at first sight, he generally sees her two or three times more before a regular engagement is made. She goes to visit his cottage in company with a nun, or some employment is given her out of doors in laundry or dairy, where she may be seen in comparative freedom. When at last the engagement is concluded, the intended bride goes and spends a few days at a convent; and it is there that the marriage quietly takes place.

After their marriage the convict couple become probationary free colonists, under certain conditions; they must dress in brown; they must not enter any establishment where intoxicating liquors are sold; and they must not leave their cottages after nightfall without a written permit. These and other restrictions are gradually removed in reward for good conduct—till at last the convict becomes a free settler and proprietor of his piece of land.

It takes about five years to attain full freedom, dating from the time when the convict got his first ticket-of-leave; and once free, he may engage in industrial or commercial pursuits, open a shop or set up a factory if he have the means. But he must never leave the colony. The children born of convict marriages are to remain in New Caledonia until they are twenty-one years of age, at which time an inducement will be offered to the sons to settle definitely in the colony, by exempting them from military service. But those who prefer to go to France will, of course, be allowed to do so, taking the chances common to all Frenchmen of being drafted by conscription for the army. At present, the oldest children of convict marriages in the colony are only in their eighth year.

Grains of Gold.

The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

It is as easy to improve five talents as one.

Time is the most precious of all possessions.

What I most value, next to eternity, is time.

In all superstitions, wise men follow fools.

Folly is like matter, and cannot be annihilated.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self.

Be ignorance thy choice where knowledge leads to woe.

Twang on a golden harp, and the people will admire your playing.

Foster the beautiful, and every hour thou callest new flowers to birth.

Sweep first before your own door ere you sweep before your neighbor's.

False happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her.

Do all the good you can in the world, and make as little noise about it as possible.

Do not all that you can do; spend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; and tell not all that you know.

Whoever strikes hard must prepare for the rebounder. If we criticise, we must not wince when we are criticised.

Charity is a virtue of the heart, not of the hands, and gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence, of this virtue.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.

Place before children nothing but what is simple, lest you spoil their tastes; and nothing that is not innocent, lest you spoil their hearts.

Frivolity, under whatever form it appears, takes from attention its strength, from thought its originality, from feeling its earnestness.

There is no time in a man's life when he is so great as when he cheerfully bows to the necessity of his position and makes the best of it.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words or in good order.

He who understands how to inform others gracefully and interestingly of what they know of beforehand, soonest acquires a reputation for cleverness.

It is impossible for a man to be careless in business affairs, or unmindful of his business obligations, without being weak or rotten in his personal character.

What unthankfulness it is to forget our consolations, and to look only upon matters of grievance; to think so much upon two or three crosses as to forget a hundred blessings.

It is doing some service to humanity to amuse innocently; and they know very little of society who think we can bear to be always employed either in duties or meditations, without any relaxation.

The chief care of a wise and thoughtful workman is that his own labor shall be performed to the best of his power, and that the work of to-day shall, if possible, always be a little better than the work of yesterday.

Keep your religion sweet. A sour kind of piety, that is always finding fault with others, grumbling and growling because things are not different from what they are, is neither pleasing to God nor profitable to man.

Femininities.

Affection is the broadest basis of a good life.

Woman is a miracle of divine contradiction.

A man in India has died from the kick of a woman.

The proudest day in a woman's life is her first son day.

Thank heaven, the female heart is untenantable by atheism.

Women visitors to the Yosemite have to ride horses as men do.

The tricycle is making its way among the ladies in high circles in England.

An expert telegraph operator of Erath county, Texas, is a six-year-old girl.

A Saratoga belle has become blind from using drugs to make her eyes bright.

The girl who called the ostrich the bird with a bonnet tail, put it about right.

Girls deny that they always sit down on the floor to put on their shoes and stockings.

We hear of men sowing wild oats, but who ever heard of a woman sowing anything but tares?

A daughter of General Winfield Scott is the wife of a Virginia gentleman named Winfield Scott.

By the bride which a man selects does he show the quality of his soul, and what value he puts upon it.

When an officer came to arrest the thieving boys of a Wisconsin woman, recently, she fainted and died.

In Mississippi only 1,236 women said their ages were 31, while no less than 10,819 declared they were just 30.

An old lady in Georgia, having lost all her patience, has sued a neighbor for $5 for coffee, borrowed a cupful at a time.

An Irishman, on being arrested for having six wives, excused himself by declaring that he was only trying to get a good one.

The most fashionable women now endeavor to make each one of their letters in writing an inch in length and correspondingly broad.

"Mother, why are angels always little boys, and never girls?" The mother, after long reflection, "Why, to avoid scandals in Paradise, my dear."

Mrs. Drake, of Huron, D. T., is a successful farmer. A year ago she purchased 300 acres of land, and is raising enormous crops of wheat, oats, and flax.

A man never prides himself on the smallness of his wife's feet when she has got them planted on his spine, and is prying him out of bed to build the fire.

An Illinois woman has done no work since her recent conversion, and the husband has sued the revivalist who was instrumental in destroying her household usefulness.

"Do you love me very much, Alfred?" asked a Boston wife. "Bunker Hill monument may fall, but not my love." "Then when you go to market don't forget the beans."

"How shall I have my bonnet trimmed," asked Maria, "so that it will agree with my complexion?" "If you want it to match your face, have it plain," replied the hateful Harriet.

A San Francisco man's wife started to go to the country, and he invited the boys to come and play poker that evening. She missed the train, and was at home when the boys arrived.

It was indiscreet of Tawinns at the theatre to remark while the orchestra played the wedding march from "Lohengrin," to his friend who had been four times married: "Ain't you mighty sick of that tune?"

The body and mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them; that toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar; no wealth can purchase them. They only flow from the exertion which they repay.

No lady lady of the highest talents or accomplishments need feel that she demeans herself by giving her most earnest attention to the beauty and comfort of her home, and the most careful ordering of everything connected with the kitchen department.

The conversion to Christianity of the Queen of Madagascar, who lately died, is said to have been entirely accidental. She chanced to find an old Bible around the palace, and began to read and study it, ending in adopting the faith and making bold war upon idolatry.

Queen Victoria's seclusion partly arises from the fact that she suffers from nausea in hot rooms. The wearing of a diamond crown, which was particularly becoming, and had to be donned on State occasions, used to cost the Empress Eugenie forty-eight hours of headache.

At the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, there is a room full of diamonds, pearls, and other precious stones. An Empress of Russia is allowed to borrow from this room after giving a receipt for what she takes, and generally the Grand Duchesses are allowed to borrow from it also.

A woman who committed suicide at Kansas City the other day, left a letter saying that she could no longer bear separation from her husband, who died a year ago, and bequeathing her two-year-old child, which she "had never loved," to any one who might care to take it.

A young lady, supposed to be a confirmed man-hater, was eating some ice-cream the other day, and expressed a dislike at its flavor. Her companions, who were better pleased, asked her what fault she found with it, whereupon she replied that it had a sort of shaving-soap taste. She had some difficulty in maintaining a proper degree of easy unconcern in replying to the questions that immediately followed.

News Notes.

London has a "moral dancing school."

A one-handed child has been born at Dickson, Tenn.

The income of the Church of England is put at $22,000,000.

A Vienna cabman lights his vehicle with the electric light.

Grunt Bone Alley is the name of a street in Key West, Fla.

An eight-legged calf is the product of Bourbon county, Ky.

A New York hotel is to fit up a large room for lawn tennis.

Red Cloud has had his hair cut, as a last concession to civilization.

In Savannah an income of over $800 a year is subject to a city tax.

London is said to have started the fashion of high hats for female wear.

Frank Carpenter, of Sodus, N. Y., pared 65 bushels of apples in nine hours.

A million bats are said to live in the dome of the court house at Brenham, Ga.

A number of private residences in New York have been fitted up with electric lights.

A distinguished Paris physician says that apple sauce is as nourishing as oatmeal or potatoes.

Senator Edmunds says he likes to talk to reporters, because he learns a great deal from them.

Native braves of Long Island rival one another in the number of snakes they can kill in a day.

The last mean fling at Rhode Island is that a locomotive whistle can be heard all over the State.

A thousand million dollars is the estimated shrinkage of Wall Street values within two years.

Patti will receive $5,000 for each of the concerts she is to sing at in Birmingham and Manchester.

In the summer, in Madrid, after 11 a. m., you stumble everywhere on a sleeping Spaniard taking his siesta.

A Chinaman at Benton, Mont., recently bought a Piegan squaw and her papoose for two bags of musty flour.

It appears that over 40,000 miles of railroad have been built in the United States since and including 1870.

They put a man out of a Troy, N. Y., church because he desired to play "I Want to Be an Angel" upon a harmonica.

Nashville, Tenn., is beginning to have some cents. The nickel has heretofore been the smallest coin circulated there.

Chinese theatre performances in Portland, Oregon, commence at 7 in the evening and last till three o'clock the next morning.

An insane hotel-keeper of Dubuque interrupted a recent church service by announcing that he was Christ returned to earth.

Salvador convicts are chained in pairs, and are sent out to seek work. If they cannot earn or beg their food they must starve.

The Roman Catholics propose to have a floating church, to traverse the Amazon River, propelled by steam, to advance the faith.

The wire-fence war will engage an extra session of the Texas Legislature. Some of the pastures are fenced without a break for forty miles or more.

The city of Devil's Lake, Dakota, is not yet one hundred days old, but already choice lots are sold at $2,500 each. It has seven large hotels and two banks.

A Nebraska cattle king, who has more money than he knows what to do with, has ordered a five hundred dollar wardrobe for his little daughter's doll.

John Houghton, of Hamilton, Ga., cut down a hollow tree, and found six coons, two 'possums, a chicken snake eight feet in length, and five gallons of honey in it.

When a freight car was opened at Keene, N. H., recently, a hen fluttered out. She had been in the car fifteen days, and had paid three eggs for her passage from St. Louis.

At Battle Creek a woman stole a watch from her employer, and, while her premises were being searched, slipped the watch into his pocket, and then had him arrested for slander.

C. C. Reynolds, of Marietta, Ga., had a scythe thrown over his shoulder, and was riding a mule. The animal, frightened at a passing train, threw Reynold to the ground, and the scythe took his head off.

The dying request of a pioneer near Watseka, Ill., named Henry Sherrill, was that his body be clothed in light-colored woolen goods, and that the coffin be so large that he would not be too much cramped.

An Athens, Ga., woman was going to commit suicide because her husband wouldn't buy her a sealskin sacque, but when she found that he was on excellent terms with a widow, she changed her mind.

Mrs. J. W. Lent, frightened by a drowning scene in a theatre in Oakland, Cal., fainted and then broke out in a profuse perspiration. They took her home, and she caught cold and soon died of pneumonia.

ASIATIC CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, Summer Complaint, Colic, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and all Affections of the Bowels, Incident to either children or adults, are cured at once by Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam. It allays the irritation and calms the action of the stomach, and, being pleasant to the taste, is an acceptable remedy to the youngest in the family.

ANTIPATHIES OF DOGS.

IF a collection could be made of all those cases where an animal, without any apparent cause, has taken a sudden dislike to one person or thing rather than another, some puzzling problems would be presented by it for the study of psychologists. The most notable example of this sort of thing is, no doubt, the bull and his red rag, which might just as well have been blue, white, yellow or black for anything that we could tell, unless we had the uniform testimony of centuries to enlighten us on the subject.

Why should mosquitoes and other spiteful or hungry insects persistently attack one person, while they allow another to sleep almost in peace.

No theory has been advanced to account properly for this; and a determined arguer may maintain if he likes, that even in this case the attack on the sufferer is prompted by a feeling of capricious malice on the part of the assailants.

But it is in dogs that the best illustrations are found of the curious caprice in question.

Why should a dog, of all other beasts, be affected with agony at the sound of music? There are plenty of dogs, appertaining to the most various breeds, which are convulsed with inward torture at the sight of an organ grinder, and howl with dismal note betokening anguish of mind even at the sound of a piano in the room above or a concertina outside the house.

Again, why should dogs and cats exhibit for one another that natural aversion which has made it a proverbial phrase to speak of a "cat-and-dog life?" It will be said that they are natural enemies, and that each being a carnivorous beast, is prepared to kill and eat the other. But it would be hard to find a case where either had actually been devoured by the victorious enemy; and it is obvious to anyone who had ever seen a dog run at a cat that it is the spirit of sport and adventure which urges him on to the attack, and not hunger or the desire of utilizing the dead body of the victim.

Moreover, there are not probably as many as five dogs out of every ten which have either the pluck or the inclination to make a serious attack, and yet the cat, who is quite well aware that there is nothing to be feared from the meaner spirited curs, will exhibit almost as much uneasiness and wrath in their presence as at the sight of a bull terrier.

When it comes to the case of dogs' behavior in the presence of man there are still more difficulties. Almost all dogs have an instinctive mistrust of tramps, and this may possibly be understood upon the ground that these individuals have a hang-dog look about them and seem to be intent upon some mysterious business which is provocative of suspicion at the first glance. Dogs are excellent judges of character and of the signs which indicate a person's intention, and are quite able to distinguish a man who is intent upon his own business from one who is inclined to meddle with what does not concern him.

Another object of common attack by this race of quadrupeds is the leg of a breeches wearing footman, and it will be observed that the most dignified and solemn of these ornamental gentlemen are apt to lose their presence of mind as soon as they become aware that there is a spaniel, or even a pug, sniffing around the back of their calves.

In this instance, it is probably the inviting look of the part attacked which proves too strong a temptation to the canine mind; and it would be hardly fair to include this among the cases of unexplained antipathy.

It is believed that the snappishness of pet dogs, when their mistresses are touched or approached, proceeds from jealousy, and doubtless this cause will account for hundreds of ill-tempered acts indulged in not only by ugly poodles and toy terriers but by parrots, monkeys and many other tame creatures.

But why should a dog walking along the street pick out one cart or carriage rather than another to run behind and bark at? Why should he snarl and snap at some good humored man who in vain attempts to conciliate him, while at the very first sight he will be reconciled to another of morose and surly character.

In many of the cases the reason is to be found in some episode of the animal's life unobserved or forgotten by other people.

Dogs are quick observers, but bad at generalization, and it will often happen that one who has once been maltreated by a man wearing a particular costume will bear malice all his life against others clad in the same garb.

Humorous.

A bright beginning—Sunrise.

Pleasantries—Maples and elms.

To do business a man must have dollars and sense.

Hens go barefoot no matter how much you shoe them.

In what place are two heads better than one? In a barrel.

How to mark table-linen—Upset the blackberry sauce.

Nobody ever yet thought it necessary to urge a pawnbroker to take more interest in his business.

The hungry man may not be a base ball player though he makes excellent time toward the home plate.

Eminent medical authorities state that mosquitoes carry disease. Many persons supposed that they carried bayonets.

It is possible for a young man to learn to play the cornet without a teacher. In that case he becomes his own "tooter."

This theory of evolution is a wonderful thing. Certain kinds of calves develop into Jerseys, and Jerseys become well-formed women.

Don't delay. Heart disease works quickly. Try Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1. by druggists

The reason Thanksgiving comes in November is because flies, mosquitoes and soda-water are things of the past, and people are mighty thankful.

We can prove it. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cures Heart Disease. Price $1.; 6 for $5 by druggists.

A railroad restaurant sandwich sent among some minerals to the Concord School of Philosophy, puzzled that body more than a little. Finally the majority decided that it was a piece of rock of the paleozoic age, while the minority contended that it was a fragment of an exploded meteor.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Superfluous Hair

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 38 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

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SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
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FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.

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For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

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Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

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Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

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One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparations. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

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FEVER AND ACUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

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For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

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Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

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A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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In order to advertise HOUSE AND HOME, and secure subscribers promptly, we have decided to make the following most liberal and magnificent offer to each and every reader of this paper. It is the common practice of the gold and silver refiners of England and Switzerland to purchase from the pawnbrokers of their respective countries all the gold and silver watches which have been abandoned, simply for the sake of the gold and silver cases. The works are then sold to a celebrated watch firm who have made a specialty of this business. The firm places these works in the hands of skilled workmen, who set to work and put them in as good condition as possible. These works embrace every variety of movement, some of them being very fine and perfect timekeepers, all handsome and good. We have just purchased another large stock (40,000) of the above described watches at less than first cost of raw material. On receipt of $2.00, the subscription price of House and Home, and 50 cents extra to pay for packing, postage, and registering, we will send House and Home for one year (52 numbers), and one of these watches, postpaid, to any address in the United States. Watches mailed the day the order is received. The watches were purchased specially to go with House and Home, and will be furnished only to subscribers to that publication. In order to introduce it at once we make this unusual offer, which could not be made were it not for the fact that we bought the watches at one-quarter cost of manufacture.

On receipt of 50 cents extra we will send our new and elegant watch-chain, with a Whistle Charm and long Call Attachment—just the thing for hunters and sporting men.

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WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

Received House and Home and your splendid little watch. Thanks. Success to your enterprise. Every number is an improvement on the last. May it throw its benign influence over our entire country. My son is fast becoming a man under its influence.
C. CHAW, Cowles, Webster Co., Neb.

Will send you more subscribers to HOUSE AND HOME. It is very interesting and your premium is a keeper good time.
C. R. WARNING, Greenville, Va.

The premium watch arrived to-day. It keeps time as good as one that cost $50.00. Thanks.
JOHN HERKMAN, Sr., New Brunswick, N. J.

Your Illustrated Paper is greatly admired. Think you will get some subscribers here.
J. J. CALLOW, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Sawing Made Easy
Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine!

A boy 15 years old can saw logs FAST and EASY. MILES BUSHEY, Fortuna, Kan., writes: "Am much pleased with the MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE. I sawed off a 30-inch log in 2 minutes. For sawing logs into suitable lengths for family stove-wood, and all sorts of log-cutting, it is peerless and unrivaled. Illustrated Catalogue, Free. AGENTS WANTED. Mention this paper. Address MONARCH MANUFACTURING CO., 163 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

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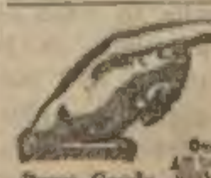
W. & T. SMITH, Geneva Nurseries, Geneva, N. Y.

Agents Make money selling our family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 187 Pearl St., New York.

Agents Wanted for the best and fastest selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Phila., Pa.

50 New Chromos, no 2 alike, name on 10c. 13 pk. Fl. Prize given. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum Ct.



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For Manufacturing or Family use, is now known throughout America and Europe as the simplest and best Knitting Machine ever made. Makes seamless hose, double heel and toe. Runs either by hand or power. Capacity from 4 to 5 dozen pairs of socks per day. A child can use them. For circulars address JAMES L. BRANSON, 35 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

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PHONOGRAPHY or Phonetic Short-Hand. Catalogue of works by Benn Pitman, with alphabet and Illustrations for beginners sent on application. Address PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, Cin'ti, O.

THE MAKING OF BEADS.

ALTHOUGH the Italians do not share the love of beads manifested by the other Latin races, it is from Venice that the whole world, civilized, semi-civilized, and uncivilized, is mainly supplied; the Bohemian manufacturers, energetic as they are, have only just begun to turn their attention to this branch of industry, while the few similar factories in the Levant are hardly of sufficient importance to require notice.

The largest of the seven large glass bead factories in Venice and the neighboring island of Murano belong to a German named Weberbeck, who employs 500 men and women. In all some 6,000 persons earn their living by the various processes incidental to beadmaking, and a very poor living it is, for the value of the beads made amounts only to some $1,500,000 yearly, which, divided equally among the hands, would give them but $250 apiece, and leave nothing for the master.

The process of bead making is for the most part remarkably simple, the chief essential being that the glass, which is manipulated in a semi-fluid state, should be so tough and ductile as to allow of its being drawn out like rosin or sealing-wax.

The glass is colored before it leaves the furnace by chemicals, of which arsenic, saltpetre, antimony and lead are the principal.

It is then ready to be drawn out into tubes.

One of the glassblowers dips his iron rod into the viscous mass, and taking up a lump about the size of a small melon first rolls it on an iron plate to round it, and then with a simple tool makes a hollow in it much like that at the bottom of a wine bottle.

Another workman has meantime done the same thing with another lump.

The two then press the edges of these glass balls together until they adhere, and the fusion is so complete that the air within cannot escape.

They then take up their rods again and walk quickly in opposite directions to a distance of about a hundred yards, keeping step the while as exactly as if they were marching with a regiment; the rod hot glass spins itself off from the two balls as long as any remains, or until it becomes too cool to spin any further, and as the enclosed air spins itself out at the same time, a hollow tube is produced instead of a solid rod of glass, as would otherwise have been the case, and the future bead has received its necessary hole.

These glass tubes are of various sizes and range from the diameter of a lead pencil to that of the finest knitting needle.

Those which are to be made into variegated beads are formed in the same way, only that the lumps of glass on being taken from the furnace are dipped into liquid glass of other colors in succession, so that they are encased in skins like those of an onion, and the spinning off of the several coats proceeds with wonderful regularity, without any further assistance from the workman's hand.

Often, too, the glass balls have merely little knobs of glass of different colors put upon them, and these appear as fine lines or stripes on the tubes.

The sorting of the tubes, which are broken into lengths of about three feet, is a very general home industry in Venice, where the women and girls are constantly to be seen sitting before large baskets full of glass pipes which look like the quills of a porcupine.

With outspread fingers they feel and weigh these, until all are accurately sorted according to their size; they are then made into bundles and taken back to the factories, where they are put into machines exactly like straw-cutting machines and are chopped up into the size required.

The new process is to remove all sharp angles, and to accomplish this the beads are first mixed with fine sand, which fills the holes and prevents their closing up again, and they are then very carefully heated in cylinders which are kept revolving in the furnace until the beads are sufficiently smooth and round.

As far as shape goes the beads are now ready. They are sorted according to their size by being passed through sieves, and then those which are to receive an extra polish are put in bags of bran and shaken.

A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen, New York, a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia, and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was told that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against "Bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.

AYER'S Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

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Of the Most Popular Songs, -Music and Words,- FOR

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SUCH AN OFFER AS THIS HAS NEVER BEEN MADE BEFORE.

The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words, published for

ONLY 10 CENTS.

For 10 cents in currency or postage stamps, we will send (all charges postpaid)

One Hundred Choice Songs,

music and words, to any address. Among them we may mention the following:

A Violet from Mother's Grave.
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Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore.
I'm Getting a Big Boy Now.
Katey's Letter.
O Fred, tell them to Stop!
One Bumper at Parting.
Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Oh, Lucinda.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
Meet me To-night.
Angel Faces o'er the River.
Yes, I'll Love You When You're Old.
Te'l de Children Good-bye.
Hardly Ever.

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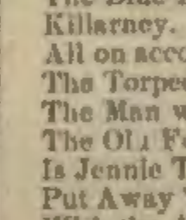

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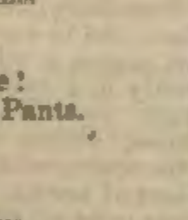

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No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE!

We send free on 30 days' trial Dr. Dye's Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances TO MEN suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and Kindred Troubles. Also for Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Troubles, and many other diseases. Speedy cures guaranteed. Illustrated pamphlets free. Address
VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

ONLY $8.

OUR NEW AMERICAN LEVER WATCH!

After months of labor and experiment, we have at last brought to perfection A NEW WATCH. It is a Key Winding Watch with the celebrated Anchor Lever Movement, Expansion Balance, Fully Jeweled.

They are made of the best material, and in the very best manner so as to insure good time-keeping qualities. The Cases are made of our Celebrated Composition metal known as Aluminum Gold. This metal has a sufficient amount of gold in the composition to give the watch a genuine gold appearance. Indeed it cannot be told from a genuine Gold Watch except by the best judges as the metal stands the acid test as well as pure gold. The cases are finely engraved or engine turned and are massive and strong and very handsome making it just the watch for Railroad men, Mechanics and all laboring men who require a good strong watch and an accurate time-keeper. For trading and speculative purposes, it is superior to any watch ever before offered. They can be sold readily for $15 and $20 each, and traded so as to realize double those amounts. Farmers as well as Agents can handle these watches to advantage as they can be readily exchanged for stock or goods. We send the watch free by registered mail, on receipt of $8.00. Or we will send it C. O. D. on receipt of $1.00 and the balance can be paid at the express office. We also have very fine Aluminum Gold Chains at $1.00 each. Beautiful Medallion Charms 50 cents. We have hundreds of testimonials, but have room for only two.

Hot Springs, Ark., June 2d, 1883.
WORLD MANF'G Co. Gents:—The New American Aluminum Gold Watch I ordered of you some time ago was duly received, and I am so well pleased with it that I enclose Seven Dollars, P. O. order, on account, for which please forward by express C. O. D. for balance, three more of the same style with chains to match. Respectfully, Carsten Taylor.

Leavenworth, Kan., Aug. 7th, 1883.
WORLD MAN'F'G Co. Gents.—The Aluminum Gold American Lever Watch purchased from your firm has proved a good time-keeper, and gives perfect satisfaction. Enclosed find cash for two more, same style. Yours, G. P. BURRET.

Send all orders to WORLD MANUF'G CO.,
122 Nassau Street, New York.

It is seldom that we meet with an article that so fully corresponds with its advertised good qualities as does the New American Lever Watch. It has the advantage of being made of that precious metal Aluminum Gold; its works are of the best make, and the general style of the case rank it with the best Watches made anywhere. We recommend it to our readers as a Watch that will give entire satisfaction.

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Absolutely Reliable Goods and guaranteed Proper Prices.

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Assets, $5,483,807.73. Organized in 1847. Purely Mutual. Surplus, $1,801,462.85.
Thirty-five years' Successful Business.
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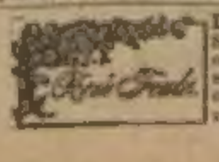

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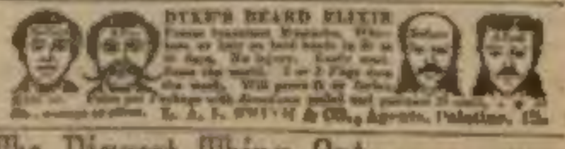

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE toilette made for the races have, as usual, modified the costumes worn since, and they have decided the cut of dresses and the shapes of chapeaux during early autumn, when all the beau monde is seeking health and renewed vitality far from home.

Really charming costumes are the result, many so strongly recalling bye-gone days that they strike the observer as borrowed from the pictures at the Louvre and Versailles.

Nor is one style specially copied, for while some toilettes recall the stately courts of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI., others just as strongly remind the observer of the Republic, as the Directoire style is also in high favor.

A large quantity of materials flowered in relief, whether broche or embroidered, and Renaissance guipure are used, worked in gold, colored silks, and shimmering beads.

A prominent feature of to-day's toilettes is the fact that the two sides are often dissimilar, for on one side may be a panel of embroidery or narrow pleatings, while the other side is covered with Mechlin or Alencon lace.

Sleeves also are often of different material to the corsage or polonaise, which may be of lace, while the sleeves are of striped velvet, or vice-versa.

Some toilettes have Henri II. or Henri III. doublets in place of basques, while many sleeves imitate the padded and leg-of-mutton variation.

Lovely lawn toilettes are worn during August and September, some trimmed with embroidery, others with velvet of a contrasting shade, and others with both.

One model is of dark ecru lawn, with a pleated skirt trimmed with three rows of grenat velvet, which keep the pleats in place.

Over this is a second skirt pleated into the waist, and trimmed also with three rows of velvet; velvet bows loop it into two large puffed panjers, and thus sustain the basques of the corsage which are arranged in deep fluted pleats.

A velvet belt encircles the waist fastened by an antique silver buckle set with large red stones.

The sleeves are pleated, slashed with velvet at the shoulders, a velvet band securing the pleats at the wrist.

Shot silks, especially surah and taffetas, are extensively made up for dressy costumes, these being lighter to wear than other silk fabrics.

A very beautiful artistic toilette has just been prepared.

The shot surah selected is very beautiful, and would do capitally for a fancy dress ball, to imitate the dawn, for it is shot with old pink, blue, and gold, and in certain lights is an excellent imitation of the super colors in the sky which herald the break of day.

The skirt forms very large full bouillonnes drooping one over the other, and is edged with three small pleatings.

The corsage has very long points, with puffs on the hips, making a Henri III. doublet; and two folded scarves of Indian gauze, embroidered with Ispahan roses, blue and gold butterflies, tropical foliage, lotus flowers, etc., across each other in front and form a cascade of loops behind.

The Ninon corsage is a very useful article to take out of town, as it is dressy and stylish, and can be worn with any skirt. It is always made of biscuit, cream or black lace, the panjers and puff behind being also of lace.

They can be worn over velvet, velveteen, taffeta, satin, faille, sicilienne and surah skirts, broche or plain, of black or any color.

They will be found very useful and economical.

For driving, garden parties, out-door receptions, etc., capotes of white, cream, or biscuit lace are trimmed with artificial fruit or flowers.

Hats are for the most part elaborately trimmed, plenty of flowers, lace, and often an aigrette, so voluminous as to rival the bouquet of flowers.

The large size of country chapeaux, however, calls for a considerable amount of trimming.

Round chapeaux, however, are to be very small this Autumn.

During early Autumn but few mantles are worn, ladies contenting themselves principally with elegant capes of broche velvet gauze, richly trimmed and embroidered with jet.

For dark capes the pretty traveling pelisses of dark cashmere, which entirely cover the dress, will be brought out.

The broche gauze capes are generally lined with satin, and are trimmed at the edge with jet bead insertion and fringe, which make the edge almost touch the waist, although the gauze cape itself is not large.

Mantelets, with long ends in front, will also be worn, made of various materials, but chiefly of broche velvet gauze.

The variety of pardessus is, however, so great that ladies can wear those which date from three or four years back, if only the visites or pelisses have the skirts at the back opened and filled in with a pleating, or a piece of material covered with lace flounces.

This is to make room for the tournure which was not then in vogue.

With a visite which is somewhat passe it is always possible to make one of the petty mantelets, which retain the visite form above, while the lower part below the waist behind is cut away.

These are worn with all dresses, and are trimmed with lace ruches if made of silk or velvet, with fringe or marabout if of woolen material.

White alpaca trimmed with rich-colored velvet is the material used to form many fashionable sea-side and country dresses. The skirt is trimmed in any style preferred with flounces or bouillonnes, or velvet bands and lace, and the polonaise forms a pleated blouse secured at the waist with a velvet belt or sash.

A hat of rather coarse plaited straw is a suitable finished to the costume.

Barege dresses over silk of another color are also made, navy blue barege over grenat silk being an effective combination.

The pleated skirt is edged with lace, and the silk corsage has an over-casaquin of barege gauged at the neck and waist, and terminating in very large Camargo panjers.

A belt of grenat velvet encircles the waist.

The Lesdiguieres hat is of blue straw, inter-pinited with grenat chenille, and trimmed with blue and red feathers, fastened by a golden arrow.

Other costumes are of white etamine, with round plain skirts trimmed with velvet bands, or one band fifteen to twenty inches wide.

The etamine polonaise is pleated behind.

The collar and paroments are of velvet. This style is also made in Indian cashmere.

Mousseline de laine is also a material in great request for country toilettes, trimmed with Louis XV. braid.

The skirt has five gauged or pleated flounces, and the upper skirt is embroidered with wide Louis XV. braid, and drawn up to form paniers and a drapery. The corsage has straps of braid and bows of ribbons.

A more elaborate costume is of rosewood-colored cashmere, made up on a fullie skirt, which is edged with two cashmere flounces and a full velvet bouillonne.

Above this is a cashmere scarf, with Louis XV. embroidery in silk and wool; the edged is lined, and is turned back at intervals to leave the velvet bouillonne exposed.

The velvet is of a deep pistachio green, and the scarf is lined with beautiful shot satin, in pistachio and gold.

The over skirt is of embroidered cashmere, draped on the tournure. The corsage, of embroidered cashmere, has a velvet plastron terminating in a sharp point. The small paniers are of embroidered cashmere, and the collar is of velvet.

The sleeves are double, the lower part of velvet, the upper of embroidered cashmere.

Fireside Chat.

COLD COLLATION.

IN these days of moderate incomes, where it is sometimes necessary to make a fair display with limited resources, cold collation is not only effective but economical.

By adopting this method of entertaining, much expense and trouble is saved, and decidedly a prettier display is made than with the other alternatives of lunch, high tea, or hot suppers.

The advantages over either of these are many.

You are able to see beforehand how your menu, when completed, looks; you can arrange the table to your own satisfaction, and moreover, if you have a small establishment and a limited number of servants, it does away with the dishing up, and therefore you are able to get more attendance.

Who amongst us, not blessed with an over-abundance of this world's goods, has not often been vexed by the appearance of the dainty little meal, which we with our own hands perhaps had prepared, being sent to table half cooked, or so mangled as to be barely presentable; the joint that promised so well, iced by particles of cold fat hanging from it; the chilled gravy turned to dripping; the potatoes cold and sodden; the cabbage watery and stringy; the pudding burnt to a cinder at the top and coagulated at the bottom.

With a wish to alleviate the disappointment such contretemps would occasion, and with a view of giving a pretty as well as dainty effect, I would subjoin a few recipes.

Before doing so, however, as a mater-familias, I would tender the following remarks on the arrangement of the table.

First, let a snowy cloth be spread; then to make your table pretty small "specimen vases" of flowers (the water of which might be slightly tinted by cochineal in the winter, or by saffron or spinach water a cool appearance in the summer) should be placed in front of each person.

If possessed of an epergne, arrange it with flowers, relieved by drooping creepers and ferns.

Two high compotiers may be placed on either side of this, covered with vine leaves, on which the fruits of the season can be prettily and tastefully arranged.

A good display of glass and plate adds to the elegance and also to the finish of a table.

Whether absolutely required or not, red and green claret and hock glasses contribute much to the beauty of the coup d'œil.

Having now adorned our table, a few minor preparations are necessary, and will be found of great service.

Have a side table with spare knives, forks, spoons, etc., arranged upon it; clean dinner napkins (in case of a spill), and fresh rolls or nicely cut bread.

The water in finger-glasses should be slightly tinted, and faintly scented with rose water, and placed with the d'oyleys on dessert plates, and should form the front row of the sideboard on a nice clean cloth. At the rear of them should be placed the decanters of wine and clean glasses.

The general effect is very much enhanced by a judicious display, not in too great profusion, of cut flowers, and candles whose light is mellowed by rose-colored shades. If your stock of crockery and plate be limited, it is a good plan to have a pan of weak warm soda and water, a dish cloth, and a couple of clean glass cloths, immediately outside the dining-room door, into which the housemaid can immerse the used plates, etc., reappearing with them unseen at an opportune moment.

This saves time, and also the useless clatter of running up and down.

Many other items will doubtless suggest themselves to an observant and careful housewife, but the above are sufficient for my present purpose, and I will now proceed with the recipes, some homely, some dainty, and most of them more or less ornamental.

Fish Jelly.—Soak 2oz. of gelatine until dissolved in a mixture of vinegar, sherry, and water, a wineglass of each. Arrange neatly in a basin any slices of cold fish, either cod, boned herring, mackerel, or plaice, which have been well sprinkled with spice; add freshly chopped parsley, slices of hard boiled egg, and lemon peel. Pour over all the liquid as above, and bake an hour. When cold turn out, and garnish with slices of lemon and fresh curled parsley.

Roast Duck.—Cold roast duck, which has been previously cut up and tied carefully together with broad tape (which is hidden from view by bunches of freshly gathered watercress), may be rendered ornamental by being garnished with red and white radishes, interspersed with small lettuce. The appearance is greatly improved by being browned and glazed.

Braised Drumsticks.—Braise some drumsticks of fowls, and arrange them upright round the outside of a small basin, which may contain finely chopped salad with its dressing. Slices of tongue and curled ham may be placed alternately between the drumsticks. The plate and lower part of the basin should be hidden by mustard and cress, relieved by thin slices of beet-root.

Hack.—A pretty and very economical dish may be made by finely mincing the remains of any cold meat, adding to it bread-crumbs to half its weight, and flavored by herbs and a wineglass of strong Liebig's essence, or good stock. Place these ingredients in a small basin, and pour over it sufficient dissolved gelatine to nearly cover it. Steam for an hour; stand it to cool, and then turn out. Garnish with slightly colored aspic jelly, beaten fine with a fork.

Timbale de Mouton.—Boil for ten minutes macaroni in milk and water, in which has been dissolved 1oz. of butter. Strain off the liquid, and return the macaroni into a stewpan, in which has been placed a little stock. Boil it slowly until tender; add some slices of well-seasoned mutton, bacon, and lemon peel, all cut into very small dice, over which grate a little cheese. Make all hot together, and then let it cool. Butter a mould well, sprinkled with breadcrumbs and lined with common puff paste. Put in the meat and macaroni quite cold, cover with paste, and bake in rather a slow oven. When done, turn it out of the mould, and glaze. Cut off the top, and in its place lay freshly-chopped salad. Garnish with parsley, alternate slices of cucumber and red radish.

Correspondence.

W. T. D., (Tangie, La.)—No. 2. Yes.

M. M. L., (Wheeling, Va.)—We are fully supplied.

M. L. A., (Norristown, Pa.)—Find answer in No. 11.

P. L., (Washington, D. C.)—You can get the preparation at any druggist. 2. Your writing is good.

MARIE, (Woodbury, N. J.)—You should first consult your father, he will advise you as he thinks best.

T. S. H., (Summersville, Pa.)—The young man has acted wisely, and deserves the friendship of all concerned.

M. K., (Rock Hill, S. C.)—The blood of fish is cold. A decagon is a figure with ten sides. Malmsey wine was formerly the produce of Candia, the island of Archipelago, and the Morea. It is now chiefly brought from Madeira, and some from Spain. It received its name from Malvasia, a small island east of the Morea.

M. E. T., (Toland, Conn.)—Bright's disease is so called from the name of Dr. Bright, who first described it. The disease is an affection of the kidneys, which leads first to the constant draining away of albumen, an essential element of strength, and in the end often causes death either by heart-disease, dropsy, or blood-poisoning, or all together.

W. S. T., (Crescent City, Cal.)—If your friend is a sensible girl she will not stand in the way of your being engaged. She cannot think of becoming engaged herself to a young gentleman who loves another. Seeing that the young man loves you, and that you love him, accept his proposal by all means, the more so that you have the consent of your parents.

F. M. L., (Bush Hill, N. C.)—It is quite impossible to obliterate the mark of tattooing with Indian ink from the skin. Is this worth while? Better leave it. It is noteworthy how many persons are in the predicament of having marks done with ink on the skin which are practically indelible. Young folk should be careful how they allow themselves to be disfigured for life by the whim of a moment.

R. T. F. T., (Chicago, Ill.)—Early in the last century six companies of Highlanders were formed by Government to preserve the peace and to prevent the carrying off of cattle from various landholders by other Highlanders. From their night-work and the dark color of their tartans, they were called the Black Watch, and became very famous, all being fine soldierly men. In 1739 they were formed in a regiment, and in 1743 taken to London and required to join the British Army in Germany.

T. M. M., (Newport, N. J.)—We understand the passage "In My Father's house are many mansions" to mean that there are many places or grades in heaven, so that all may hope to go there. As "one star differeth from another in glory," so the beatitude of those who attain bliss will differ. The words seem to have been spoken to Peter immediately after it was foretold that he would deny his Master, and were probably intended to give him hope and comfort in the moment of his remorse and self-abasement.

PET, (Phila., Pa.)—Gauze is a very light transparent fabric of silk, said to have derived its name from Gaza, a city of Palestine. Crape is a light and transparent article of plain weaving. Lavantine is a gloss-made and boiled silk. The process of watering silk, which gives its surface a peculiar wavy appearance, is performed by pressing two pieces of silk, placed lengthwise, one on the other, between two metallic rollers: the different parts are thus subjected to different degrees of pressure, from which the wavy appearance results.

M. G., (Newark, N. J.)—It is impossible to give you the directions you want. There are competent workers in the department of practical or applied electricity who could put what you find out of gear, in order at once. Of course the connecting links must be perfect and the wires in direct contact, and there must be no leakage of the wires which convey the current anywhere. Perhaps the wires are twisted or uncovered, so that the insulator is imperfect, and the electricity runs on through some by-way to the earth. A practical man would test each wire and finally discover the fault; but we can no more tell you how to do this than we could teach you a special business.

W. M. B., (Winchester, Pa.)—When reference is made to the punishment of death, "hang," "hanging," and hanged" are the words that should be employed. In days gone by criminals stood in a cart under the gallows with the rope round their necks until the signal was made: the cart was then drawn away, and the culprit left hanging. Earl Ferrers, of England, was the first executed by the drop (May 5, 1760.) It is recorded that his arms were secured by a black sash, and the halter, which was a common one, was put round his neck. He then mounted a part of the scaffold eighteen inches above the rest, and, the signal being given by the sheriff, that part of the floor sank under him to the level of the rest, and he remained suspended in the air.

H. B. A., (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—Not an uncommon case, though a very distressing one. It is impossible to get out of the mire by struggling in it. When a man strays into quicksand or a bog, the more he strives the worse is his plight. Rest a while and think quietly and calmly of your position. You are worried and troubled because your mind is fretting on itself. Your very anxiety to get well and free of the misery in which you are involved keeps up the trouble and increases it. Let matters drift. Never mind if you are not doing as well as you would wish. The world runs on in spite of us, and a hundred years hence it will be a matter of indifference whether you or we succeeded in life, whether we were happy or miserable. Step out of this little world of self, of feelings, desires, anxieties, and wishings, and take your stand on the wider circle of supreme and general human interests. You will then see how small a matter is that which now burdens you. What your mental state requires is not helping from within, but a remedy applied from without. Instead of shrinking from the burden of domestic duty, take it up boldly, and, whether you individually sink or swim, resolve to add to the happiness of others by devoting your life to the advancement of their happiness. Certainly do not dream of "giving up." Set self aside and live for another.